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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Budget is good or bad according to the standard by which we elect to judge it. If we compare it with the prospects held out by the Chancellor in 1925 it is distinctly bad. He promised us then a cumulative decrease in expenditure of £10,000,000 a year. Judged by this promise he is now some £80,000,000 out, and there is new taxation instead of relief. But if the Budget be judged without relation to this promise, as a detached essay in finance, it is without doubt satisfactory. In contrast with last year's, which was merely opportunist, this year's effort is constructive. It outlines a comprehensive policy of debt redemption and a system of rate relief that is likely to have a genuinely revivifying effect on industry. The total removal of rates from agriculture provides at a stroke the most practical answer possible to Socialist and Liberal theorists and to those critics who have complained of the Government's indifference to the difficulties of the farmer. The new Budget is a producer's Budget, but the consumer may take comfort in this, that in so far as it holds out the prospect of relief for industry it holds out, eventually, the prospect of relief for him. For the producer's burdens are always borne

proportionately by the consumer. But the chief merit of the Budget is that it provides a really constructive programme for Conservatives, to which they can bend their energies for some years to come.

Elsewhere we deal at length with the debt redemption and rate relief schemes. The two remaining items of outstanding importance are the increased children's allowance for income-tax payers and the fourpenny tax on petrol. The new scale of allowances for children (£60 for the first child and £50 for each subsequent child, instead of £36 and £27 respectively) affords practical relief which will be acknowledged gratefully even by those who are most conscious that it is long overdue and still gravely in arrear of what actual experience in the maintenance and education of children demands. As for the petrol tax, Mr. Churchill has "got the laugh" of those who agitated for such a tax in place of a tax on horse-power. The Golden Pump! The average motorist cannot justifiably grumble, for motoring remains a luxury. But if the effect of the tax should be to put bus fares up, as has been hinted, then it will impose an additional burden of indirect taxation which will hit the poorer classes of the community quite unfairly. We write before we know what the intentions of

NOISE
DESTROYS
NERVES

Hear the Scientists' warning
and instal
Call up the nearest
Remington Office for help

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the 'bus companies are, but it cannot be too plainly stated that they can have no possible justification for passing on the tax by means of higher fares. They did not reduce fares when petrol came down.

Sir Austen Chamberlain has sometimes seemed to enjoy the rôle of peacemaker, but the divergencies between the American and French draft treaties to outlaw war may sicken him of this rôle before many months have passed. It is, of course, nonsense to suggest that the American treaty, since it condemns only "war as an instrument of national policy," runs counter to the Covenant of the League. On the other hand, it does conflict with the various alliances concluded by France and, possibly, even with one article of the Locarno Treaty. Were the Kellogg proposals to be rejected, America would turn from Europe with even greater, and certainly more justified, disgust than she did after the wranglings of the Peace Conference. It is not to be thought for one moment that, in order to enable France to retain alliances which this country has always regarded with distrust, Sir Austen Chamberlain will risk not only this dangerous breach between Europe and America, but also the conversion of Geneva from the home of a great international idea to an arena for national intrigue.

Although only 182 out of 612 deputies were elected in the first ballot at the French general elections last Sunday, it is already quite clear that M. Poincaré will have a strong majority behind him. During the last few days the Opposition Parties have been trying to agree, in order to get as great a number as possible of Left Wing candidates elected at the second ballot to-morrow. But ever since M. Herriot and his friends joined the Poincaré Cabinet there has been no real prospect of a revival of the *Cartel des Gauches*. By his refusal to stabilize the franc, M. Poincaré may have damaged industry, but he has assured himself of the votes of all those whose dislike of him as a man is overcome by their fear of the financial collapse which might possibly follow his defeat. He will now have a Chamber even more amenable to his desires than was its predecessor.

Since political stability depends upon financial stability, there will be considerable satisfaction throughout Europe at M. Poincaré's success. At the same time, we can see no reason for the fairly widespread belief that the French Prime Minister "learned his lesson in the Ruhr." He may, it is true, work for a close *entente* with Germany, but what is serious from the international point of view is that he has essentially the temperament which divides nations into hostile and fully-armed camps. It is commonly alleged that the extraordinarily blunt and unconciliatory French draft of the treaty to outlaw war, which has been circulated to the Powers as an alternative to the American proposals, comes from the pen of M. Poincaré instead of from that of M. Briand. This we can fully believe, because, while pretending to defend the interests of the League, it shows a complete misapprehension of what should be the aims of that organization. M. Briand has suffered many disappointments of late and his present illness will have robbed him of the energy which might otherwise have enabled him to hold out against reaction

in foreign politics. We should not be surprised to hear of his resignation.

Despite the adage, there is this week nothing new to report from that part of Africa controlled very inadequately by Nahas Pasha. But no news is good news. For the first time in ten years the Wafd Party is really trying its strength against the British Government and, in the case of the Assemblies Bill, which at the moment is the bone of contention, the precautions taken by the British Government to uphold law and order are so obviously wise that each day's delay should strengthen moderate opinion in Egypt. In the ordinary course of events this Bill should be passed by the Senate on Monday next, whereupon King Fuad may quite possibly precipitate a crisis by withholding his signature. Pending this crisis, it is interesting to learn that Sarwat Pasha is supposed to be forming a new party, the Egyptian Independence Party, which will represent more moderate opinion. He is, rather naturally, awaiting the outcome of the British-Wafd trial of strength. He may take it for granted that in so important a crisis Great Britain will not yield.

At this distance from China it is difficult to choose between the misleading reports sent out by Chiang Kai-shek and Chang Tso-lin, but so many generals and their followers have deserted to the Nationalist leader that one is led to the conclusion that the Kuomintang forces are better armed and better disciplined than their enemies of the North. It is amusing to note that the Japanese Government, because they are taking measures to protect the large Japanese colony in Tsinanfu, are subject to exactly the same attacks as those which assailed the British Government for taking precautions in Shanghai. But these measures do not in any way mean that Japan still believes in Chang Tso-lin and still supplies him with war material and other support. The War Lord of Mukden has so annoyed the Japanese in recent quarrels over railways that now for the first time since the civil war began he stands alone and unsupported by outside influence. Unless, then, Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang, his momentary ally, manage to find something to squabble about they ought soon to be the joint masters of China. But the chances of a quarrel are by no means remote. On Wednesday Feng stole a march on Chiang by pushing ahead and capturing Tsinanfu, on which Chiang himself was advancing.

Some weeks ago a gigantic demonstration in Bucarest to demand new general elections only dispersed pacifically on the promise of M. Maniu, the opposition leader, that he would announce his plan of action at Alba Julia in Transylvania on April 21. During the period thus gained the Regency might have negotiated with the National Peasant Party for the resignation of M. Vintila Bratianu and his Liberal Cabinet. In the hope of such negotiations the Alba Julia meeting was postponed until May 6, but still the Regency, which takes its orders from M. Bratianu himself, refuses to face facts. The great majority of Rumanians in the Old Kingdom can neither read nor write; the Transylvanians, who form the

backbone of the National Peasant Party, gained the rudiments of culture while they were under Austro-Hungarian domination. However patriotic they may be, it is out of the question that they will much longer stand the Oriental methods to which M. Bratianu and his late brother have accustomed the Rumanians of the Old Kingdom.

Yet another move in the battle of the bridges has begun. The first report of the committee of engineers, appointed by the Ministry of Transport to examine the financial side of the Lee Commission's proposal for a double-decker bridge at Charing Cross, found against the scheme on the ground of expense. The new report of the engineers which has been placed before the Prime Minister reverts to the old and eminently sensible plan of removing Charing Cross station to the far side of the river and converting the existing rail-and-foot bridge into a wide road-bridge rising from the Cavell Memorial by St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and continuing to the Waterloo Road. The advantages of this plan are, first, that it provides for a new traffic bridge where one is most needed to draw off the congestion in the Strand towards Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, and second, that it allows of the existing Waterloo Bridge remaining intact, though widened to take four lines of traffic. The objection is the same as that advanced against the double-decker scheme, namely, expense. The Southern Railway have up till now held out against removal to the south side of the river, but presumably they would agree to go if they could extract what they consider the right price. Their objections must not be allowed to stand indefinitely in the way of an improvement that would add enormously both to the looks and the convenience of London. It has been estimated that the double-decker scheme would cost round about £11,000,000; the scheme for a road bridge and transference of the railway is calculated to cost £10,000,000. The additional advantages to be obtained for a million less ought to be decisive.

The compromise reached, after a free vote in the House of Commons, on the question of election costs is pretty well what might have been expected. The county figure of sevenpence per head of the electorate has been reduced to sixpence; the borough figure of fivepence remains unaltered. A certain number of candidates will be saved some money, but we are no nearer a solution of the problem how to reconcile the ideals of inexpensiveness and thorough political education. There are those who look confidently to the popular daily newspapers for the education of electors, but with these papers coming increasingly under the control of a very few multiple concerns such confidence is misplaced. Nothing can be an entirely satisfactory substitute for the personal appeal of the candidate, since the qualities and defects of that appeal afford evidence of his capacity for public life. A democratic electorate must choose, however, between being inadequately consulted and being consulted only by well-to-do candidates.

Democracy, developed beyond a certain point, inevitably finds itself in grave difficulties. In

moderation, democracy is a safeguard against the evils of oligarchy; carried far, democracy is the condition most favourable to the worst forms of oligarchical direction and exploitation. The climax of democratic development is what Lord Hugh Cecil in his courageous speech on the Equal Franchise Bill called it—"government by bosses of an elective assembly of robots." Extend the franchise to the utmost, and the "boss," represented by the Party organizer, the Press magnate with groups of papers, the plutocrat with a financial axe to grind, is provided with precisely the material he needs. The power of the electorate depends on general recognition of its fitness for its duties. The verdict of a reasonably well-informed electorate, which has been permitted to hear a great variety of genuinely independent opinions, is accepted because of the prestige of such an electorate. But who will bow reverentially to the verdict of a vast horde manipulated by a few organizations and three or four Press magnates? And if there should no longer be respect for the verdict of the electorate, must there not be grave risk of dissentients from it plunging into Fascism or Sovietism according to their temperaments?

It is difficult to feel any sympathy with the proposal to purchase for the nation one of Tennyson's homes. The funds potentially available for the acquisition of buildings of great historical interest or exceptional architectural merit are not adequate to the demands made on them, and every year there are lost to the nation houses which must be seriously mourned. If portions of such funds are to be diverted to buying up every house in which a man of note lived for a few years, the money that can be found for worthier causes will become even more pitifully insufficient. A few conceivable exceptions allowed, all that can be spared by a public contending with ferocious taxation on the one hand and destructive mania on the other should be devoted to the protection of buildings which have rare wealth of historical association and which remind us charmingly of the art of the old builders and of the happier way in which English life was once ordered.

A correspondent writes to us to complain of the practice of secondhand clothes dealers and others in inundating relatives and executors with advertising circulars immediately following a person's death. We agree that the thing is highly offensive, but we do not see how it can be prevented. An instance recently came to our notice in which the next-of-kin received, before the funeral, five such letters, one of which, printed on screaming yellow note-paper with a mauve border, offered to buy clothes, false teeth, and other personal belongings "on the most advantageous terms." Such blatancy must pain the least sensitive. We should like to see a law to prevent people from plying this indecent trade by means of circulars, in the same way as money-lenders are prevented, but there is small prospect of its being practicable. The only alternative is to hope that disgusted recipients of such missives will make so little response that those who send them will find the practice un lucrative and cease from it.

THE PRODUCERS' BUDGET

IT may be difficult to distinguish between a producer and a distributor, but that there is a difference has been the commonplace of intelligent conversation for many years. There is a balance of trade in a different sense from that in which the phrase is ordinarily used, and it has altered in favour of the distributor and against the producer. In the England of to-day it corresponds to the difference familiar in war time between the home front and the fighting front, the trenches and the "cushy jobs" at home; it is, broadly, the difference between Northern and Southern England to-day, between what Mr. Baldwin has called the sheltered and the unsheltered industries. This distinction still awaits accurate definition, but it is at the heart of Mr. Churchill's new Budget, which is much the biggest thing that he has done since the Dardanelles. His speech was long and, rhetorically, not one of his best; but its matter will bestride our politics until the general election. Even his friends have sometimes doubted whether Mr. Churchill could build as well as he could decorate: the Budget is a rebuke to their doubts.

The speeches of the two ablest critics of the Budget betray their sense that something has at last happened to disturb their complacency. Mr. Snowden is no longer merely contemptuous; he is obviously anxious and fearful; Mr. Lloyd George, who believed that he and his many-coloured Committee Reports had established a monopoly of the constructive political thought of the country, is heard asking plaintively what Committee is behind this new and vast project of reform that the Government have produced. His anger in the circumstances is the highest compliment that could be paid to the new Budget, for his own schemes are no longer the only alternative to the windy generalities of Labour Socialism. At last we have from the Government a comprehensive scheme of reform which will enable the party to change the attitude of mere passive defence, which, if continued long enough, is demoralizing alike in war and in politics, for one of attack. And the position to be attacked is the decline of the industrial North, from whose vigour our old industrial supremacy was derived. That supremacy was based on cheap production, which in turn was based on cheap power in our coal measures. That is passing, and while only their own effort can rescue the staple trades from the deep depression into which they have fallen, the Government can encourage and help them to help themselves.

Mr. Churchill in his Budget speech exposed the injustice of our present rating system, which taxes irrespective of profits and solely in proportion to the size of premises, that is in proportion to the number of men employed, and further taxes industry not only on its own prosperity but cumulatively on the poverty of its neighbours. For many years the need of relief has been admitted, but the first active step is taken in the new Budget. We are not here concerned with the methods by which Mr. Churchill proposes to create what he calls the "mass of manœuvre" for the relief of distress

in our great productive industries, but solely with the tactical application of his millions when he has got them to the business in hand. He proposes first to re-assess local property, distinguishing between productive and distributive industry. Having established this distinction he proposes to exempt the productive industries from three-fourths of their rates, and for this purpose the nucleus fund is to be formed by a new petrol tax, drawn from an industry which in so far as it does not serve luxury is concerned with the prosperous and sheltered distributive functions of trade.

But that is not all. The railways are distributive and therefore cannot claim the new concessions on their own merits; but as they alone carry the products of the heavy industries that are suffering they are to be given exemption from the rates on condition that they return the equivalent to these industries in the form of lower freights. The President of the Board of Trade calculates that the effect of the relief from rates in the case of the coal trade may be equivalent to from 3½d. to 8d. a ton on coal, and that the benefit of the lower freights may amount to another 4d., so that the two together may amount to a shilling a ton. No doubt similar figures could be produced for other industries. But the reforms do not end there. What we call the congested areas are districts in which distressed industries by reason of their proximity are cumulatively taxed not only on their own but on their immediate neighbours' poverty; the more concentrated an industry, the greater the poverty of the district, the more unemployment there will be, the heavier the burden of local rates, and the smaller the capacity to bear them. One remedy is to enlarge the unit of local administration so as to embrace a greater variety of traders and to make the more prosperous trades bear the burdens of the less prosperous. We reached in a recent article here the conclusion that if you began to deal with the problem of the congested areas, you would be driven to enlarge the unit of local government, and this conclusion, based not so much on knowledge of Mr. Churchill's intentions as on the logic of the situation, has been confirmed in the vast and comprehensive schemes of the present Budget.

We only hope that the alteration of existing areas will be drastic enough, that the boroughs will not be exempt from it and that the new enlargements may disregard county boundaries. For the present county divisions are economically obsolete, and any rational system of regrouping local government areas may find it necessary to ignore them. For example, what we know as Manchester spills over into the counties of Cheshire, Derbyshire and West Yorkshire; Belfast was long ago called a suburb of Liverpool; and the extreme limits of London are Watford and Brighton.

It is already evident that the Budget has made enemies as well as friends, and the main directions of attack have already been disclosed. It is said that the need of the distressed industries is immediate, and the relief under the Government's scheme will not arrive until October of next year. The delay is to be regretted on some grounds, but not on all, for relief from the rates is intended not as a cure but as a stimulus to effort by the industry itself, and is therefore

valuable in prospect. As Sir Alfred Mond justly says, the new scheme will have a psychological as well as a material value. No time will be wasted, but the new re-assessment of local property cannot be hurried. Unavoidably the actual relief will be postponed until after the general election, but that fact may make the opposition a little more discriminating in its criticism, for in politics it is more dangerous to oppose benefits in prospect than benefits secured. Nor need we worry over-much about the casuistical questions that are already being put about what are productive and what distributing trades. The broad distinction is clear enough. It is complained further that the relief will be given alike to the prosperous and unprosperous members of a productive trade, irrespective of whether they are in a congested and overrated area or in one that is relatively doing well. The cotton trade, for example, is in a very bad state, but relief will go not only to those cotton districts which are "under the hammer" but also to districts like Bolton which spin the finer counts and are not suffering at all.

But any other plan of relief would be open to the same and to other objections. If the relief had been by districts it would have included trades that are doing very well and it would have discriminated unfairly between different firms of the same trade according to their postal addresses. It would be manifestly unfair, for example, that a cotton mill that spins coarse counts should receive assistance if it happened to be in Oldham, but not if it were in Bolton. It is objected, again, that what is needed is a drastic reform of the whole system of rating so as to apportion the burden more accurately to ability. But nothing in this Bill will obstruct such reform, should Parliament, in its future wisdom, decide that the right way of raising local revenue is by a local income tax. The distinction between productive and distributive trades is valuable for yet another reason than those which are obvious, for if there is ever to be an extension of State ownership for revenue purposes it would not be in the productive trades, in which State ownership would paralyse enterprise, but in those distributive trades in which public ownership has already made experiments.

MOTORISTS AND THE LAW

SOONER rather than later authority must tackle in one piece the subject of the motoring laws, which have grown up higgledy-piggledy, always in the rear of necessity. As a start they will have to make up their minds what they want the law to do; they will have to distinguish between technical and real offences. At the present time the law is in some respects over-stringent, in others inadequate or at all events inadequately enforced.

As an example of over-stringency we may cite a case which came this week before the magistrate of a London police-court. It is typical of hundreds that occupy the time of the police and the courts up and down the country every week. The offence was one of obstruction, due to a person having left his car in a recognized parking-ground for longer than the prescribed limit of time. The

ostensible purpose of these time-limits for parking is to give every owner of a motor-car a fair chance, to prevent one from keeping another out unduly. In this case it transpired in the course of evidence that the offender had kept nobody out during the time his car was occupying the ground unlawfully; there had been others waiting to take its place within the limit of time during which it was allowed to stand there, but between the moment when that limit expired and the moment when the offender was apprehended by the police, no other car was waiting. This the police-officer preferring the charge admitted and the fact was duly noted by the magistrate. Yet a fine was imposed. No doubt with the law as it stands the magistrate had no alternative. The moral of the case is that the law in this respect is "a hass." It ought to be so constructed that those set to enforce it are able, and indeed compelled, to distinguish between genuine and technical obstruction. If this particular regulation was adopted with the deliberate intention of harrying any motorist it could catch out, irrespective of whether or not he had really caused a nuisance, then there is no more to be said, except that the thing is a disgrace. But if it was adopted merely with the intention of seeing that every motorist gets a fair chance to park, then it is inequitable that it should be so framed that a man who has in no way infringed that object is automatically caught in its meshes.

The motorist is not a criminal *ipso facto*, though he is often made to feel one. The attitude of the police towards a driver who has unwittingly made a trifling error in the traffic regulations or some such matter is often a good deal less polite than is consistent with the reputation of the Force. Motorists will probably continue to suffer from the stringency of parking regulations until parking grounds become so congested that either (a) motorists cease to bring their cars within the metropolitan area, leaving them outside and taking 'bus or tube, or (b) the authorities are pushed by sheer pressure of vehicles into tackling the problem of garaging. Nothing is ever undertaken in this country—except on private initiative—until the need of it has become unbearable. Our legislation, instead of being planned broadly in advance, is hurried, piecemeal and in retard; it simply is not planned at all. It ought to provide for the future; it provides grudgingly and inadequately for the present. This is so with everything; it is especially so with traffic.

Another point—we referred to it recently—is the continued prosecution of motorists for exceeding the speed limit on the open road, and for exceeding it by perhaps two or three miles an hour in streets where a very low limit is enforced and strict adherence is difficult and even, on occasion, undesirable. For this purpose a large body of police is employed which might with advantage be tracking down serious offenders. It was recently reported that more than thirty policemen were detailed on one morning in a court in the home counties to give evidence in cases of this technical kind. No doubt in this way a decent revenue is derived from fines, but the non-motoring taxpayer would possibly prefer his contribution to local rates for policing to be used to more obvious advantage in protecting his life and property; as for the motorist who is fined, he already pays heavily in taxes, and under the new Budget will have to pay more heavily still, for the privilege of using the roads, without further

contributions through the medium of the police-courts. What makes him angry is the knowledge that while corps of police are busily employed in enforcing petty regulations as to speed, parking, and the like, his own life and the lives of his fellow-motorists are in constant peril from the bad driving of the road-hog, who escapes scot-free. Every week hundreds of cases of wilfully dangerous acts by motorists occur on the roads, but no police action is taken. Authority has no eye for them: it is busy checking technical faults elsewhere. No motorist deserving of a licence would object to a drastic tightening of the law, and enforcing of it, against dangerous and negligent driving; he would welcome it. As it is, he is harried by authority where it doesn't matter and endangered through lack of it where it does.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

NINETEEN years ago Mr. Lloyd George introduced a Budget which galvanized into new life a Liberal Government with an overwhelming majority at the beginning of its fourth year of office. Mr. Churchill was a member of that Government, and the parallel to the present political situation is sufficiently close to suggest that the Budget which he introduced on Tuesday may be calculated to achieve similar results. At any rate no fuller or more expectant House has awaited any Ministerial pronouncement in this Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed himself more solemn than usual. No one certainly could accuse him on this occasion of degrading serious subjects with persiflage and buffoonery. For over three hours he held the House with an elaborate exposition of what is undoubtedly the most significant departure in policy since the war. The military similes into which he slips so easily were not inappropriate to his effort. He took stock of his resources. He collected his forces. He marshalled them in order of battle. He established his reserves behind the critical sector. Then he launched his attack against that arch-enemy of economic revival—the rates.

It was a remarkable performance and only once did he make noticeable use of the carefully prepared but none the less effective comic relief to which we have come to look forward as the punctuation of his rhetoric. It may be that those who will benefit by the increase in the income-tax allowances for children owe their good fortune to the opportunity for alluding to it as part of a "general policy of helping the producer." This, indeed, is the hallmark with which the Budget is stamped. No such comprehensive scheme to assist industry has been attempted since Mr. Joseph Chamberlain started Tariff Reform, and perhaps the Conservative Party will find in it a more easily practicable substitute for that long-cherished doctrine. The tax on oil, which is to provide much of the financial sinews of the scheme, did not, thanks to the "intelligent anticipations" of the Press, come with the full shock of surprise, but seemed nevertheless to have a troubling rather than a calming effect on the House. It was clear, however, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had made every effort to give compensating advantages to those who might be affected by it.

On Wednesday it was the turn of the Opposition to criticize, but it cannot be said that the House has yet got really to grips with a scheme whose

detailed implications can only be gradually revealed in the course of debate. Mr. Snowden hardly attempted to grapple with the main problem. On the general, if somewhat rash, assumption that anything proposed by a Conservative Government must have some fundamental flaw, he indulged in a little general vituperation against what he called a "fantastic, half-baked monstrosity." His main criticism was against the raising of taxation this year to finance a scheme which cannot operate for eighteen months, but most of his observations were devoted to a refutation of Mr. Churchill's claims to be either an economizer or an economist. These commonplaces of party argument were delivered with his usual telling sarcasm, but were clearly a mere feint, as Sir Alfred Mond very speedily showed in a speech which left no doubts as to the warmth of his support of the Government. As he remarked, opposition to the revival of coal and steel industries through a fund largely supplied by motorists comes oddly from the Labour Party. Mr. Lloyd George took the line of trying to create as much alarm and despondency as possible before the Government can have time to drive home the merits of their proposals. In the absence of exact information he evidently felt he could safely suggest unpleasant possibilities which might or might not be well-founded, but which stood some chance of encouraging any apprehensions the public may feel. The impression he wished to create was that a section of the community—namely, those engaged in productive industry—was being relieved at the expense of the rest. It was not robbing Peter, he said, but the whole twelve Apostles to pay Paul. The President of the Board of Trade explained at some length that this was not so, leaving it to the Minister of Health to expound the Local Government aspect of the matter to-day.

Although the Budget overshadowed everything this week, I must not ignore the Committee Stage of the Franchise Bill which was concluded on Monday. It is unusual for a measure of this importance to be only a day and a half in Committee. This is not only due to the absence of controversy, but to the narrowness of the title, which excludes amendments of the electoral law not directly connected with the "assimilation" of the female to the male franchise. A special instruction to the Committee was necessary in order to secure the discussion of election expenses, and even so a Liberal amendment proposing a second free postage at the public expense was ruled out of order. A forlorn effort by the misogynist "die-hards" to make the qualifying age twenty-five instead of twenty-one was treated rather flippantly by the House. But it was not so much the amiable persuasiveness of Sir Alexander Sprot as the ingenious advocacy of Lord Hugh Cecil which enlivened this part of the debate. Lord Hugh is afraid lest democracy be crushed under its own weight, and lest the supersession of the personal by the mechanical factor with such a huge electorate should lead to "government by bosses of an assembly of robots." This may be a justifiable argument against the principle of adult suffrage, but hardly against the logical fulfilment of that principle when already conceded. His other contention, that people mature more slowly to-day than a century ago, was more relevant but less true. Sir William Joynson-Hicks had thus little difficulty in sustaining the case for the Bill. Stimulated by this exhibition of Cecilian dialectics, he laid about him in good style, though his sallies were as the sweeps of a cutlass to the thrusts of his opponent's rapier.

The Government's decision to let members decide for themselves on the question of the statutory

maximum for election expenses led to a very free and diverse expression of opinion. The Home Secretary laid down the proposition that the limit ought to be wide enough to ensure of the electorate being adequately apprised of candidates' views, but not so wide as to restrict the selection of candidates to people with large financial backing. Between these points the arguments were nicely balanced. Torn between a desire to endorse the principle of cheaper elections and the difficulty of putting it into practice, the House conceded something to country constituencies and refused by a very narrow majority to change the position in boroughs. Captain Fraser, whose voice is strangely reminiscent of Lord Birkenhead's, stoutly championed the cause of a reduction for the boroughs, but Colonel Vaughan-Morgan, backed by most Conservative London members, was just able to win the day against him.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ROTHSCHILDS *

By A. A. B.

MR. AGATE, in his last novel, makes one of his characters say, "Jews are never likeable; they are always either detestable or adorable." This glittering generalization is as untrue as most of the kind so dear to dramatists and critics. Let us see. Disraeli and Heine were certainly adorable in trousers, and Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt in petticoats. Everybody knows detestable Jews; while of likeable ones, I should say there were as many of that race as of any other with strong racial qualities, Scotchmen or Armenians, for instance, or Celts and Slavs. The Rothschilds, whose rise from the Frankfort ghetto to luxury and power in European capitals is so laboriously and conscientiously traced by Count Corti, were not detestable, and they certainly were not adorable. The accumulation of wealth is the same in all ages and in all countries. Anybody will tell you of the miracles that may be accomplished by investing £1,000 at compound interest and leaving it alone for a century. Add to that the turning money over by gentle and persistent usury, and you have the secret, not only of the Rothschilds, but of the Fuggers, the Barings, the Ricardos, and all the old bankers of the world. The modern method of making a fortune, it is needless to say, is the reverse of this, and has come from the United States, being fifty per cent. luck, twenty-five per cent. courage, and twenty-five per cent. energy.

Slow and patient use of arithmetic, too much neglected in the modern syllabus, was the sword by which Meyer Amschel and his five sons opened the world's oysters, which furnished forth the family tables from the end of the eighteenth to the beginning of the present century. It is not particularly exciting to read about, and it must be confessed that in Count Corti's book there are decided *longueurs*. Indeed, were it not that the Rothschilds became what the author calls "international Tories," that is, pillars of stability in Germany, England, Austria and France, I doubt whether their story would attract many. It is the pervasiveness of their influence that creates interest in their origin.

Meyer Amschel, the parent tree, whose house in the Judengasse hung a red shield over its door, began his career as the jackal of a usurer, tempering business with the collection of rare coins. The Landgrave, afterwards the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, was the richest man in Europe, and the meanest rogue. He lent money to everybody, and Rothschild was his agent.

The most disgusting form of his money-grubbing was the selling or hiring of his Hessian subjects to foreign powers, to sacrifice their lives in distant lands for causes of which they knew nothing. The elector of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick also shared in this slave trade, for it was nothing else, and to its indelible disgrace England under George III hired these German mercenaries. There were Hessians and Brunswickers in Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. It was by Hanoverian soldiers that the British militiamen, who were flogged at Ely in 1810 for demanding their pay, were held down and they occupied our Eastern and Southern coasts up to the time of Waterloo. To this day you may hear a Kentish man exclaim, "Let him go to Hanover," or "I wish he was at Hanover," so hard is oral tradition to kill.

The loan-mongers reaped their harvests during the Continental wars at the end of the eighteenth century, and the long struggle with Napoleon was a golden opportunity for the Rothschilds. Steam and electricity were not in those days; and we have all heard the story of how Rothschild, by having a boat ready on the Belgian coast, landed at Hythe and brought the news of Waterloo to London three days before the Duke of Wellington's despatch. The Rothschilds have always been fond of Hythe and Folkestone since that date, and spent so much money in developing the fashionable watering-place that it became a pocket borough for the family.

The huge loans of the post-Waterloo period, to Austria and France particularly, marked the emergence of the Frankfort firm into cosmopolitan power and fame. It was of this period that Byron in 'Don Juan' declared that "Jew Rothschild and his fellow Christian Baring" were the sovereigns. Cobbett in his 'Register' roared against the loan-mongers and fund-holders and advocated the repudiation of the dead-weight debt. It was not until the railway boom in 1842 and after the panic of 1848 that England shook off the incubus of Pitt's loans, and luckily for Peel's reputation the date coincided with the repeal of the Corn Laws.

I have called this article 'The Rise and Fall of the Rothschilds,' because just as the Napoleonic war at the beginning of last century laid the foundations of the fortunes of the house, so the world-war, which broke out exactly a hundred years later, marked the passing of the Rothschild power into other hands. The reason is plain. The Governments of North, Pitt, and Perceval farmed out the war loans to contractors, or rather they allowed the Paymaster-General, who took the loan at 70, or thereabouts, to sublet it to loan-mongers at 80, a ruinous system, but wealth was not diffused in those days beyond a very small class. In the Great War of 1914 the Government offered their war loans, not to the Rothschilds and the Barings, but to the nation, who eagerly subscribed at a small discount, and saved the large commissions, the last of which was paid to the Rothschilds in 1875, 2½ per cent. on £4,000,000 for the purchase of the Khedive's Suez Canal Shares.

It was inevitable that after the Great War the pre-eminence of Rothschilds should pass. The enormous gains of the United States made Morgans more important in the new world than Rothschilds, whose Austrian and Paris houses must have suffered severely. Besides, other millionaires have sprung up out of the ruin of Europe who are richer than the old Frankfort family. There has, too, been a falling off in the ability of the partners. I always thought and still think that the Rothschilds behaved shabbily to Disraeli, considering that he "redeemed from scorn" a lineage "once abhorred." It was left to the Bentincks and a Yorkshire squire (a real Montague) to rescue Dizzy's debts from his co-religionists. But then Isaac D'Israeli caused all his children to be baptised and received into the Anglican Church round about the age of 12, and that was the breach of the Covenant, the unforgiveable and unforgettable offence.

* 'The Rise of the House of Rothschild.' By Count Corti. Translated by B. and B. Lunn. Gollancz. 25s.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, St. George's Day, 1928

MAY is traditionally the best time to see Oxford, and the tradition has this year a special force, since it becomes more and more doubtful what sort of an Oxford will survive for future Mays to see. Certainly there is no time to be lost by anyone who hopes to enjoy one of the few decent streets remaining in any large English town, for the Broad, the only important Oxford thoroughfare which still gives some pleasure to pass along, is threatened at both ends. There is, of course, no danger of losing the sublime south front of Balliol, which flower of the Gothic revival is fast in the affections of the enlightened citizens, who merely contemplate pulling down the row of miscellaneous and antiquated houses from the Corn to the Turl and replacing them by shops of more impressive and modern design, with spacious plate-glass windows and a roof-line loftier and on a more unified plan than the tumbled, chaotic gables of these obsolete structures. At the same time those at the far end, on the side nearest Holywell, are, it is hoped, to be replaced by a grand new Bodleian, which will no doubt be designed by an architect well fitted to stand comparison with the majestic Indian Institute which has long adorned the end of this thoroughfare. If donations are forthcoming on a sufficiently munificent scale it may even be possible to build the façade of stone all the way round, instead of carrying out the rear aspects in red brick as was done in the case of the neighbouring Institute. The completed street-front, designed by a series of eminent architects from end to end, will, it is thought, be a sight to take one's breath away, at least on beholding it for the first time.

The fate of the University library is to provide this year the grand battle without which, apparently, no summer term is to be considered complete. The present structure is being outgrown both by books and by readers at a pace which makes some sort of action inevitable. Yet the University is much too poverty-stricken to dream of building a new library out of her own resources, and some outside person or public body must find the cost. The future of the Bodleian, therefore, is much more than a mere crisis in University politics; it involves the status of one of the great copyright libraries where English printed books are stored, and it also implies either a grant from public funds, or an appeal, or an amazingly lavish benefaction. During the present lull before the storm it is to be hoped that the supporters of rival schemes are considering the position more soberly than many of them have so far done. There has been little or no effort to co-ordinate the activities of the various Oxford libraries, although much of the congestion could be abolished by greatly improving college libraries, clearing off the shelves the ancient stuff, largely rubbish, which never gets taken out for reading and might be stored or disposed of, buying as many copies as necessary of the works which undergraduates need to consult and thus drastically cutting down their demands on the Bodleian, replacing the boy assistants by a more limited and more efficient staff of trained men, and overhauling the selected shelves of the Radcliffe Camera on an open-access system. Special subjects might be accommodated in branch libraries without serious loss of convenience, as is already done at the Radcliffe Library for science, and is intended for the new Rhodes building. That the Bodleian is congested is indisputable, but the necessity for solving the problem by the destruction of the Broad and the expenditure of a colossal sum of money (which the University has not got) remains to be proved.

Since last term the beginning of work on the new housing site at South Parks has opened up a beautiful and surprising glimpse of the green slopes towards Headington on the way out by the London Road. In spite of the element in the City Council which considers it waste, enough of the east side of the new road will be left unbuilt to keep this view open, at any rate for the problematical period until it also is sold for development. The main road at this point is also to be improved, both aesthetically and practically, by the demolition of a squalid island of buildings which makes a bottle-neck below the junction with Marston Road. Also since last term the work on the part of St. Aldate's site belonging to Christ Church has been carried far enough to give a good idea of what it is going to look like when the new gate of the Meadow is open. The effect is so pleasing that it upsets one's timetable, involving constant detours to see how it is getting on. The architect has proved, astonishingly, that qualities which we imagined to be the outcome of centuries of weathering and use may be produced almost in a day by a man who knows his job. Christ Church has added something to the amenities of Oxford at a time when almost everyone who does anything is taking them away. One has to follow the same road out to Boar's Hill, and see wealthy colleges like St. John's and New College offering publicly on large boards their share of those slopes to the highest bidder for the erection of pretentious and insincere villas in order to understand what an isolated act of public spirit this is, and to be sufficiently grateful for it.

In reading of the preservation of Oxford it is necessary to bear in mind that a great part—probably the large majority—of the lands within half a dozen miles of Carfax are directly owned by the Colleges, the City and the University, while a few private landowners whose sense of decency is above suspicion account for a good deal of the rest. If all these would exercise the power they possess in the right direction the amount of land open to selfish exploitation would be remarkably small, and for this part the enforcement of town-planning legislation might be found an inexpensive substitute for the raising of colossal funds by public subscription.

AFTER KUT

BY ERNEST BETTS

TO-MORROW is the twelfth anniversary of a Mesopotamian peace. Townshend's garrison at Kut-al-Amara surrendered on April 29, 1916, after a siege of 143 days. It seems only a few weeks ago that we sat in the desert and heard a long, low, sinister clang, like the echo of a thousand gongs many miles away. That was the fall of Kut. They had blown up the stores and ammunition and surrendered. Nobody felt anything except weariness and a wish for sleep. May was to be a month of rest. There would be peace now, though the heat was so fierce that knives and forks could not be touched with the bare fingers, nor could the buttons on one's uniform. There was very little water, not much to eat, and the desert said nothing. Still, we were used to that, and it was too hot for either side to fight.

Now that the second conflict has come—the conflict of adjustment—that brief May-time peace seems finer than this of 1928. For one did not talk about life then; one lived it and forgot it and came fresh to it again. In the early morning, when the whole earth could be seen to light up steadily and at once, "gun-fire" was brought from the field cookhouse and you drank it. On the Persian foothills a shy glow came forth, and you drank that too. There would be rifle inspections, in which the click of arms as the men

worked the bolts made a satisfying sound upon the cool air. The men went back to their trenches and swore lifelessly for the rest of the day and got under their oddly-slung waterproof sheets for a patch of shade. The day steamed by in a great circle of blinding light and man became the Centre of Indifference till nightfall. Then we marched a little and dug trenches and lived greatly over cups of tea and thoughts of those we loved. But there were wide gaps between these delights, when fear and sadness hung over the desert and stopped the songs in our mouths. Nevertheless we knew what these things were. A man was jumpy: he did not suffer from a "neurosis," poor devil. He was fed-up: he was not regarded as the victim of an abnormal self-regarding instinct. That cruel sky and parched soil did us kindnesses. We would sit looking at the great redoubts of Sinn Abtar that yet stood solid before Kut, and which, by the way, only the Manchesters had succeeded in penetrating before the bombs began to fly. That battle was in March, and May had marvellously become the month of peace, though men were still dying in scores from disease and the long wasting of regiments in war.

As the weeks of peace went by, perhaps two or three thoughts would detach themselves from the miasma of hot memories Kut had given us—two or three good, thick, nourishing thoughts in a week. We had feelings, too—the quite simple aches and pains of all mankind from which shame could not drive us. How good it would be, for instance, to climb up the Persian hills to those dark patches which we knew were green trees; how gladdening to have a pillow beneath one's head! How excellent to be rid of fleas! How sweet to plunge into the river a thousand times naked—for that is how it would feel! All thoughts and things were deep.

Nothing grew anywhere as the months turned round. There was some liquorice growing a hundred miles away at Ctesiphon, which tasted good. That was another thought to spend a day upon—liquorice. . . Sometimes a cloud would come into the sky, as if on a very long journey, and stay there contentedly. So one thought of clouds and of great heights and loneliness all the day, but not, by any means, of depressions in the Atlantic and anti-cyclones. But if a tin of biscuits came from home, that was a very different matter, and disturbed the peace. One learned that the history of one man is continuous, like the history of a nation, and it was miserable when the mind was made to dip with all its claws into the past and bring up a confusion of memories, to be sorted and folded neatly, so that space had to be made in the day to hold them. You could, moreover, buy biscuits in the desert from the Arabs, and they were just biscuits, without any complications, one-and-fourpence a packet. You ate them zestfully, and watched the men eating them till not a crumb was left, and the sun went down and the fires were lit, and the pure, quiet day went softly by like a great bird.

It is not difficult to believe in those days, but it is difficult to believe in these, when talk has so little quality or is forgotten altogether, and every party given to us is a fatigue party and there are no hills or deserts to make one feel small. There are places in England, it is true, where, if one is coward enough, it is possible to believe in peace and sit in the grass under the young trees and meditate "the only pretty ring-time." I have seen flowers growing inviolate on the very rocks in Cornwall as I saw them, a year after Kut, growing on the Persian mountains. But there is nothing perilous and urgent behind these discoveries, to show them up and bring them out in beauty. They no longer bloom right across the day, and there is certain to be an argument about them. It was not like that in 1916. It will not be like that again.

* Readers who experience difficulty or delay in procuring copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW should communicate with the Publishers, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

SEU JANE LIBENTIUS AUDIS

BY GERALD GOULD

EVERYBODY, I consider, is the better for a good quiet read now and then; and, for my own part, I often relax over a novel. I have just been re-reading 'Emma.'

Pursuing a grievance—and what is pleasanter than to pursue a grievance, the one quarry we can be sure of overtaking?—I want to complain about the people who will never let one have one's own opinion, unless it is theirs; and will never let one admire a great writer, unless one is prepared to go the other side of idolatry. I do not suppose the British Empire contains a Dickens fan more devoted than I am; I would wager that very few people in the whole world take their Dickens from the shelves, to re-read the best loved bits, more often than I do; yet when I pointed out that 'Bleak House' is a failure, an offended gentleman, whose name I disremember, wrote to accuse me of arrogance or some such mortal sin, because my opinion differed from his. So with Dr. Johnson. I said that Dr. Johnson was, among other things, a snob and a bully. There is no genuine difference of opinion, and can be no genuine difference of opinion, about those epithets. About Dr. Johnson's quality as a thinker and writer, as about anybody else's, there is room for as many opinions as there are human beings; and I shall always cherish in gentle joy the memory of a letter from an American protester, who wrote to call me "self-complacent" because his opinion differed from mine. The name, in this case too, I have forgotten; the style I shall never forget. Anyhow, with or without self-complacency, we shall continue to have our own views, because we cannot help it: there would be no literary judgment at all if there were no differences of literary judgment. But the bullying and snobbishness are facts: that is a question, not of opinion, but only of reading the evidence and knowing the English language: and I am surprised that so obvious a statement should have caused annoyance.

Just after reading the American letter, I opened my Boswell at random—yes, honestly at random; the phrase tempts to dishonesty, but I use it in this place with an exact regard for exactitude; and here is what I lit on:

Madam, we must distinguish. Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen; and would not put her on a level with my other daughters. You are to consider, Madam, that it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized society; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation from rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from the same perversion.

To another man—I will be bold, and say to a better man—the first consideration in such circumstances would be his daughter's happiness: even in Johnson's day, when divisions of society were so much more definite and serious than they are now, a warm and simple heart might be supposed, in the case of a daughter, to turn to other things than punishment and shame. Mrs. Thrale's, indeed, did so: she was "all for mildness and forgiveness." If there is any

meaning in words, the man who rebuked her was a snob.

I shall be told that Boswell, in the same place and the same connexion, fares worse. But have I ever denied that Boswell was a snob? Has anybody ever denied that Boswell was a snob—often, indeed, a gross and nauseating snob? Because I consider him a man of genius, because I realize that he wrote an immortal masterpiece, am I to pretend that he was chaste and sober? That is the fallacy in all these protests against honest criticism. The man who swallows Johnson whole is welcome to his meal, and none shall deny him; but to try to impose Johnson whole on other people is a different matter. It is apparently supposed that we do honour to distinguished persons, living or dead, if we worship them mumbo-jumbo-fashion, with blindness and gesticulation. The case is contrary. If we honour them, we owe them truth. And the only truth we have to offer them is the truth we see and believe. We may be utterly mistaken, but that we cannot help. That is a mere defect of judgment. To try to cut out criticism is a crime.

I hold Johnson higher than do the Johnsonians, for I think him big enough to stand the truth. I am peacefully confident that the colossal genius of Dickens will live down 'Bleak House,' or any animadversion, just or unjust, on 'Bleak House.' And so to Jane.

Let me begin by saying (not with any hope of placating the fanatics, for I know nothing short of slavishness will placate them, and I have not that to offer)—let me begin by saying that I adore Jane Austen: that I consider her, on her plane and within her limits, a perfect artist—one of the three or four perfect artists in the English language: and that I owe to her more hours of restful, humorous ease than to almost any other author. In the long days and weeks of sickness and convalescence, especially, Jane Austen is a companion and comforter beyond anything that gratitude can estimate or words describe.

But I am not, in the Kipling sense, a Jane-ite. I do not think Jane went to Heaven. I think she is somewhere in the interstellar spaces with Kipling's Tomlinson, somewhere not tremendously vexed by vice or virtue, a sort of High-burian Limbo, where all the men are "gentlemanlike" and every woman has three thousand a year.

Talking of snobbishness (and we were, were we not, talking of snobbishness?), how well-nigh incredible is the snobbishness of Jane Austen! Like many other snobs, she could detect and satirize the vice in others: Sir Walter Elliot and Mr. Collins tower up portentous. But against them she had the animosity which the moderate boaster feels against Captain Bluffe. By exaggerating the thing she held dear, they imperilled it. Emma herself, though she does not go unchastened for conceit and meddlesomeness, is never seen by her creator for the snob she is: and as for Mr. Knightley, that "sensible" man —!

Jane Austen lacked the "plain heroic magnitude of mind" which we expect of the great—or attribute to them. Not that it matters. Her books are exactly right for what they are

and leave us delightfully intrigued over their imaginary sequels, which is just what a book should do. I was once told about a charwoman who said of her husband: "We've been married fourteen years, and he's never called me anything worse than Emma." I wonder if the same could have been said for Knightley, after fourteen years?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

SMALLPOX

SIR,—I have read with interest the article by "Hygeia" entitled 'Smallpox,' a subject in which I, as a layman, am particularly interested as I have had unpleasant experience of the disease. As I am domiciled in Nigeria this communication is unavoidably belated, and it may not now be topical for your pages; nevertheless, I should like to make the following comments.

Vaccination and re-vaccination should be made compulsory. In England this might appear, as "Hygeia" mentions, to suggest coercion on the part of the medical profession. Now, in the outposts of Empire, where the European holds himself responsible for the welfare of his native employees, every effort is made by him to guarantee their being vaccinated, and the results would be even more beneficial than they are were the labour less nomadic. In any case, he does not permit conscientious objectors; he realizes his responsibility. Why should not the Government at home, acting on medical advice, enforce vaccination in the same way?

It would be interesting to see what effect it would have on some of the anti-vaccinationists were they to visit a smallpox segregation camp out here; it is a most depressing sight to see youngsters of twenty going through the slow ordeal of death from smallpox. The disease as I have seen it starts with a high temperature which lasts from one to three days; next small spots appear, first on the face and chest, then all over the body. The eruptions after a few days become larger and more numerous, and the patient is unable to do more than crawl out of his hut into the sun; perhaps a couple of days later he has to be spoon-fed, and the sight of the emaciated form, with what little flesh left a mass of scabs, is most unpleasant, as is the suggestion of senility portrayed on the boy's face. The European must now visit the patient daily because, at this critical stage of the disease, the native attendant becomes fearful and may run away.

Why do many of us Europeans go into such a smallpox camp, and without fear? Purely because we have been vaccinated. "Hygeia" quotes an authority who appears to be impressed with the necessity of segregation rather than with universal vaccination. Surely that is putting cure before prevention as regards the individual case.

Another point mentioned by "Hygeia" is that the methods employed when vaccinating were far from cleanly or antiseptic, and that other diseases were contracted. It would be interesting to know what percentage of deaths occurred from those other diseases. Two hundred of my men were vaccinated some months ago; they were rounded up while at work and returned to their work (digging in a marsh) immediately after. Natives are most unsanitary in their mode of living, and many suffer from venereal

disease, etc.; nevertheless I had to treat for sepsis only two men. In my small experience of small-pox epidemic, viz., one, I found that 50 per cent. of the unvaccinated (new men from other camps) who contracted the disease died, and that none of the vaccinated died or suffered severely, and very few contracted it at all.

To be vaccinated or not—that is the question. Let the conscientious objectors see a man dying from a virulent type of smallpox, and there will be no doubt what the answer will be. As a very much travelled layman I could quote many examples of districts now free from smallpox that were once subject to chronic incidence of the phenomenon; for instance, the Kolar Gold Field of Southern India, where an excellent medical staff ignored prejudice.

I am, etc.,

P.O., Jos, Nigeria

BERNARD BERINGER

THE OXFORD OUTLOOK

SIR,—I regret that the fortunes of the *Oxford Outlook* should claim still further notice in your columns; but Miss Renée Haynes's letter cannot go unchallenged. One wishes that this lady would verify her facts before committing them to print.

The *Oxford Outlook* was not "removed from the hands of" the late editor. He, together with his co-editor, resigned the editorship last term owing to pressure of work. Nor was any announcement made that "there were to be no more undergraduate editors." These flights of imagination would be quite innocuous if they had not been made public in your columns.

Miss Renée Haynes may be interested to know that this magazine "reached the end of its financial tether" in the Spring of 1924, since when, in her view, apparently it must have been a "commercial venture." So slight, however, has been the alteration in its character that seemingly she has failed to recognize this fact during the past four years.

I am, etc.,

Broad Street, Oxford

HUGH CHESTERMAN,

Editor

SIR,—I have just seen the letters which you have published about the *Oxford Outlook*. May I, as the last undergraduate editor, say that the sub-editor, Mr. Jackson, and myself resigned because of the painful coming of schools, having no idea at that time that Messrs. Blackwell contemplated taking the editorship of the paper into their own hands.

But however much undergraduate Oxford may deprecate that its chief periodical is to be no longer under its control, and whatever may happen in the future, I feel Messrs. Blackwell are owed a debt of gratitude for being the rock on which ten generations of undergraduate editors and writers have been able to build, free from all the financial difficulties which have caused every other Oxford literary venture to disappear.

I am, etc.,

New College, Oxford

FRANKLIN BICKNELL

SIR,—May I as one of the editors concerned in handing over the *Oxford Outlook* in 1923 to a commercial firm from the generous and self-effacing patronage of Mr. Linaker, Editor of the *Oxford Chronicle*, add a conscience-stricken protest to that of Miss Haynes against the removal of the paper from undergraduate hands. By paying its contributors it will enter into hopeless competition with professional journalism. Those undergraduates who have contributed the best work to the paper in the past (for example, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Robert Graves, Mr. Louis Golding, Mr. L. P. Hartley and Mr. Richard Hughes) would not have been tempted by the offer of necessarily trivial payment, when the same work would have received far

more from any London review. They were induced, in most cases, by personal acquaintanceship with the editor. From my own experience, unsolicited contributions were generally unprintable. Only an undergraduate knows where the good work can be found. However able, a paid editor, introduced from without and with little knowledge of Oxford life, cannot carry on the traditions of the paper. It is farcical to give the editorship of the *Oxford Outlook* to one wholly ignorant of what the outlook of Oxford is.

I am, etc.,

GRAHAM GREENE

8 Heathcroft, Hampstead Way, N.W.

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

SADLERS WELLS

SIR,—On April 23 our greatest poet and dramatist was born and died. On "Shakespeare Day," therefore, we feel that we have an especial claim to plead through your columns for a cause that could hardly be more aptly fitted to the occasion. We plead for completion by the public of the admirable scheme represented by the Sadlers Wells Fund.

The Old Vic is our one importantly large and eminently successful People's Theatre. It is not too much to say that it is also London's only worthy tribute to Shakespeare; and Great Britain will have no other until the Memorial Theatre at Stratford has been rebuilt. The Old Vic presents Shakespeare and opera to vast numbers of poor people at prices that they can afford; and no one who has seen that great auditorium crowded to capacity, as it commonly is, can doubt the eagerness with which the provision is received or fail to realize that it fulfils a public need.

The Sadlers Wells Fund is designed not merely to save Sadlers Wells, an historic theatre in North London with a Shakespearean tradition second only to that of the Old Vic itself (where alone the whole of Shakespeare's plays have been performed), but to turn it to the best possible use by adding it as a second theatre to the Old Vic. This expansion is much needed by the Old Vic and would increase the efficiency as well as double the extent of its work.

But Sadlers Wells must be *given*, or the low prices that must be charged would be impracticable. Once given, it can, like the Old Vic, be made to pay its way. It will be added to the Old Vic as a twin Charity Foundation, which means that any profit must go back into the work.

We ask everyone who reads these lines to send a gift for the honour of Shakespeare to a cause that especially on this day all should wish to help. The sum already raised is £35,000 and approximately as much again is required for the reconstruction of the theatre, which has been bought freehold. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sadlers Wells Fund, 119 Piccadilly, London. Cheques should be made payable to the Sadlers Wells Fund, and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

We are, etc.,

DEVONSHIRE

(Chairman Sadlers Wells Fund)

STANLEY BALDWIN

BALFOUR

D. LLOYD GEORGE

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

April 23

'THE AGE OF THE GODS'

SIR,—I hope you will permit me to make a brief reply to certain criticisms of my book, 'The Age of the Gods,' which appeared in your issue of April 14.

1. Your reviewer condemns as utterly baseless the statements that I have made on page 93, with regard

to the peoples of the Lower Niger. He declares that the Earth Goddess is non-existent in this region, that the high priest is never the ruler of the community, and that his title does not imply ownership of the land. My authority for all these statements was derived from Mr. P. Amaury Talbot's exhaustive work on 'The Peoples of Southern Nigeria.' He writes that among the Ibo "the chief was in many places the head-priest, usually that of Ale, the Earth Goddess, and was often known as 'The owner of the land'" (Vol. III, page 592; cf. also page 563).

For further information with regard to the "non-existent" Earth Goddess of the Ibo, I may refer your reviewer to a recent work by the same writer on 'Nigerian Fertility Cults' (Oxford, 1927) which is mainly devoted to the study of her worship and contains numerous illustrations of her images and shrines.

2. The passage in question is not, as your reviewer states, the single example on which I base my argument for the predominance of the priestly element in the ancient agricultural civilizations and its relation to the cult of the Earth Goddess. On the contrary, the whole of Chapter v and much of Chapter vi are devoted to the establishment and illustration of this view. The reference to Nigeria is merely given in a footnote, as an instance of the survival of similar institutions in modern times. I neither stated nor supposed that the peoples of the Lower Niger made use of the plough.

As I do not wish to trespass unduly upon your space, I will refrain from dealing with the other criticisms of your reviewer. I must, however, point out that I have not passed over the question of the origins of iron-working in silence, but have dealt with them on page 305 and page 371, as fully as is possible in a book of this kind. It is obviously difficult for an author to discuss all the views with which he does not agree, and I believe that even a work on so large a scale as the 'Cambridge Ancient History' does not deal with the hypothesis for the neglect of which your reviewer censures me.

I am, etc.,

Ashley, Dawlish

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGBY FOOTBALL

SIR,—We shall be glad if you will allow us space to indicate briefly the reasons which have impelled the Special Committee of the Middlesex Rugby Football Union to issue an appeal on behalf of the Middlesex Cancer Hospital.

It was decided, in the first place, to hand to the Hospital the proceeds of the Finals of the Seven-a-Side Competition to be played at Twickenham on Saturday, April 28. But, in view of the national importance of the problem of cancer, the ravages of the disease among all classes of the community, and the fact that the work of treatment and research is hampered by want of adequate funds, we resolved to go further and to ask the general public, as well as players of Rugby football, to contribute towards the cause.

It has been impressed upon us, as a result of our study of the problem, that the public at large has a heavy responsibility in this matter, and we therefore trust that the response to the present appeal will be worthy of a nation which prides itself on its ideals of citizenship and its sense of communal obligations.

We shall be disappointed if we fail to hand a sum of at least £30,000 to the Hospital as the outcome of the movement which Rugby football players have originated.

I am, etc.,

PERCY ROYDS

E. T. GURDON

R. COVE-SMITH

W. W. WAKEFIELD

110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2

THE THEATRE

JOHANNES FACTOTUM

BY IVOR BROWN

Come With Me. By Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean. The New Theatre.

Bird in Hand. By John Drinkwater. The Royalty Theatre.

WHEN Greene sneered at Shakespeare as being a "Johannes Factotum," he was alluding, I suppose, to William's talent not only for bombasting out a blank verse but for uttering it, prompting it, and generally escorting it from pen to ear. It is habitual among modern progressions of the theatre to deplore the study dramatist who hands over his script to the players and retires homeward to write more; Johannes Factotum, who will write, act, and produce is demanded on the model of a Shakespeare or a Molière. These modern plays which I have just seen have been created by the author-producer and according to the progressives' argument, they ought to be immeasurably better than anything written by "littery gents" like Mr. Galsworthy. But I can hardly be so kind about them as all that.

There is a danger that when the producer turns dramatist, he will consider his script too much as a score for his own executive hand to play upon. If he is injudicious, he will make the text subject to the trimmings. When the festive play charades they naturally argue on these lines: "We have some Spanish junk downstairs, so let's act a Spanish scene. And we've got a flask and a revolver, so let's have a New York scene." May not the producer-dramatist say to himself, "I think I could produce a trial far better than the other fellows. And I'm good at noisy ensembles with the party-spirit frothing about the stage. So we'll begin with a bevy of bright young people and go on to the Old Bailey or an Assize"? Whether that is the best way to go play-writing seems to me dubious; the result is apt to be a concoction, which is not the same thing as a composition.

After their great success with 'The Constant Nymph,' it was only natural that Miss Kennedy and Mr. Dean should try again. 'Come With Me' shows signs of being a concoction and lacks the intellectual quality of the first piece. The dramatic conflict is not the eternally exciting battle of art with life but the eternally re-written battle of caste with love. Cecil Zaidner, daughter of the rich Sir William Zaidner, was on the verge of marrying the Hon. Brian Daplyn, but she chose to follow a mechanic called Luchin, when he said "Come with me." Luchin was irritable as well as clever, and there were matrimonial back-fires in life over his garage. The mechanic was plodding peevishly away at the invention of a clutchless and gearless car and Cecil, discovering that his loyalty to the machine seemed greater than his loyalty to her, remembered the Hon. Brian who was only too eager to remind her of himself. Luchin's garage men one night made a trial of his new model just when Cecil and the Hon. Brian were playing at soul-mates in the garage-yard. Luchin popped out and, thinking that his precious invention was being stolen, let fly with a revolver. Brian it was that died. The result was a Crown prosecution for murder from which Luchin was fortunate to escape; but he was able once more to say "Come with me," and with better hopes that, on this occasion, to arrive safely would be as easy as to travel hopefully.

To this story Mr. Dean has brought all the passion and the precision of a great producer. Is there a house-party at Zaidner's? Very well, we shall see the whole surge and flow of what Mr. Yellowplush called "lacy ally and easy pleasantry." Is there to be life above the garage? Very well, we shall see that

Mr. Dean can cast a play better than any and that Miss Ada King and Mr. Gordon Harker are such a couple as to tear the vitals out of villadom and serve them on a charger. In the garage we have the terrific proletarian gloom of Mr. Eliot Makeham lit by the Fascist enthusiasm of Mr. Tony de Lungo. In the Assize Court there will be policemen of authentic stance, gravity, and circumstance instead of the usual minor actors lankily masquerading in blue and the trial will be conducted (at some risk to dramatic effect) with that slowness and repetition which make the law courts such a forcing-bed of yawns and aches and weariness. Counsel, too, will be perfectly cast, Mr. Henry Oscar worrying away for the Crown like a gimlet, while Mr. Norman V. Norman applies the grandiose emotional manner to confusion of witnesses and the dazzling of jurymen's eyes. Lastly, in the little scene after the trial, immense pains go to make a country hotel carry itself as such. There is a deal of work in 'Come With Me.'

The result is something as lavish as one of the old melodramas at Drury Lane with the livestock left out and some witty lines substituted for the slapstick interludes. It will scarcely increase the reputation of Miss Kennedy, but it will confirm opinion as to Mr. Dean's powers as an organizer. I imagine that some of the first act and some of the trial scene (the judge's summing-up in particular) will be given extra speed or else curtailed. When that is done a very "see-able" piece of stage-work will remain. 'Come With Me' is not the kind of play that will live in memory, but it is generous and appreciative entertainment. If anything from it is to be put in the annals of the year it will be the acting of Miss Edna Best and Mr. Herbert Marshall. Miss Best has now developed a finely controlled emotional power; she can make her feeling vivid without any sign of strain. Both her raptures and her regrets in this play are conveyed with the utmost clarity and with no over-emphasis. She can strike at the heart without a flourish of her weapon. Mr. Marshall's picture of the mechanic, passionate, dour, ragged of nerve, and rough of manner, was finely done. He could so easily either have lost sympathy or too obviously played for it. He did neither. Mr. Dean's command of the acting throughout was excellent. The piece will not add to the history of English drama, but it justifies Johannes Factotum.

It is a common fault of criticism to denounce an artist for failing in that in which he never attempted to succeed. Mr. Drinkwater, making what is obviously no more than a sentimental journey into a Cotswold cloud-cuckoo-land, has been blamed for not putting on the boots of realism, taking the staff of Pure Reason, and climbing austere up Mt. Actuality. It is obvious from the start that life at the "Bird in Hand" is not to be considered as a page from Zola. When the squire's son says "Come with me" to the inn-keeper's daughter and the inn-keeper becomes vociferously protestant, the argument is conducted on lines that are not of the common tap-room, but have style and wit and a certain fanciful brightness to commend them. The result of the young couple's evening out is a furious domestic brawl in which the guests of the inn are active participators. It is all as likely as that Birdlip Woods should come to Hammersmith; I can scarce imagine the proud rustic who would debate his daughter's morals with the chance visitors of the day in one of their bedrooms in the middle of the night. But the criterion of cloud-cuckoo-land is not whether it is on the maps in Mr. M'Choakumchild's schoolroom, but whether the birds sing when you get there and spring paints the coloured counties for your view. The vocal bird at the "Bird in Hand" is certainly no dove, say, rather, the Lesser Back-chat, so contentious can Gloucestershire be in its more ethical moments. But one will only be bored if one starts to apply a too rational cartography to a sentimental meandering.

Mr. Drinkwater, as producer of his own play, has made one or two mistakes. He introduces a delightful commercial traveller, whose humility is the very soul of comedy, and then turns the nice little fellow into a farcical grotesque by rigging him up in straw hat, tail coat, and brown boots. That is not the livery of sentimental play-making; it is the sign and symbol of a "continuous scream" at the Pier Pavilion. Again the local squire is introduced in the guise of an advertisement for gents' sports attire. A wise producer would certainly cast Mr. Herbert Lomas in the part of the reverberant inn-keeper whose notions of duty in daughters and rough articulation of his ire suggest that he is of the same generation and constitution as any quarry of the Cotswolds: a wise producer would also instil into Mr. Lomas the dangers of monotony in ruggedness and the need for some variety in tone and gesture. As an elderly K.C. who is prepared to arbitrate on family friction in his pyjamas, Mr. Felix Aylmer could not be bettered in silvery sagacity, while Mr. Ivor Barnard, as the "commercial" spreading a new cult of sardines from Stroud to Tewkesbury, lived down with the truthful quietude of his acting the absurdity of his attire. However, I suppose I must confess to Mr. Drinkwater in his rôle of Johannes Factotum that from the box-office standpoint he may be right to admit the livery of farce. Has not Mr. Philpotts roused countless guffaws by setting bumpkins to sit on the tea-cups? Mr. Drinkwater's "comic" commercial would seem tame enough amid those Devonian junketings.

MUSIC

THE OUTLOOK FOR OPERA

ALMOST before we have had time to realize it, the "grand" season of opera at Covent Garden is upon us. Of no institution can it be said with more truth: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!* The financial backing this year is different, but the repertory is much the same as before and the new management is taking no great risks in the choice of singers for the German season, at least, except in the matter of tenors. But then there is no risk of getting worse tenors than some we have heard in recent years, and if there are some strange names among the Italians engaged, there are good reasons for preferring the devil we do not know. If this sounds unhelpful and ungracious towards those who have shown public spirit in supporting the opera, let me not be supposed to suggest that, in present circumstances, the thing could have been better done. Enterprise has been shown in the inclusion of works like 'Armide,' 'Un Ballo in Maschera' and 'Boris Godounov,' none of which has been done for some years, and there are surely few music-lovers who will not enjoy the 'Ring,' even though some of us may feel that a change of conductor might have been a good thing. Much as I admire Bruno Walter's reading of the score, I should like to hear some other conductor of the same calibre put his view of it before us.

No, the alarming thing about the operatic outlook is not that the managers of the Covent Garden season are likely to commit any serious avoidable mistakes. They are seriously handicapped by the conditions of our time. Among these conditions the one of gravest importance is that there are no new operas. Since the war not a single opera of real merit—and by that I mean a work that can stand beside such things as 'Aida' or even the best of Puccini—has been produced for the first time at Covent Garden, excepting the works by Puccini himself, the 'Trittico' and 'Turandot.' These brought nothing new into the

repertory, being no more than fresh variations upon a familiar theme. Of genuine new blood there has been nothing, and one can only surmise that the management have escaped the criticism, at least from intelligent quarters, that they were lacking in enterprise in this direction, because it is well known that not a single opera has been composed in Germany or in Italy, during the past ten years, which would appeal to the opera-loving public. It might be interesting to a few musicians to hear Busoni's 'Faust,' or Hindemith's 'Cardillac,' but the Covent Garden public is, whether wrongly or rightly, not interested in such things.

Opera, as a form of musical composition, is in fact paying the inevitable penalty, which it incurred when the genius of Richard Wagner took it gloriously off the track. Wagner, being a great musical genius and fancying himself also a great dramatic genius, pretended to turn opera into music-drama. But no one nowadays will claim that he goes to the 'Ring' for any other purpose than to listen to the music. Such dramatic excitement as we feel during the performance is created by the music, and nowhere is the excitement keener than in the second act of 'Gotterdammerung.' This act has often been stigmatized as "operatic," the word being used in a derogatory sense. I suggest that it is because this act conforms more nearly than anything else in Wagner's later works to the usual operatic conventions that it is the most moving and tragic section of the whole 'Ring.' We may not believe in the motives or the heroic gestures of any of the characters, but because they are the kind of things which are effective in opera, they suddenly wring our hearts as nothing that has gone before succeeds in doing, and the characters become, paradoxically, human beings of real interest.

It was inevitable that so powerful an influence as Wagner's should turn the course of opera out of its previous channel, as if a dam had been built across the stream. No less inevitable was it that his methods should fail in the hands of lesser men than himself. Among the best of them, Debussy produced the pale reflection in music of Maeterlinck's bloodless tragedy, while the Italians, seizing upon his technique, turned it to the service of a realistic musical drama. Even in Italy, however, Puccini, whose theatrical instinct was wonderfully sure, never made the mistake of attempting a modern drawing-room melodrama, such as 'Fedora.' He knew perfectly well that opera cannot treat successfully the everyday things of life, though he did not always remember the fact, as when he put on the stage an American consul (in the exotic surroundings of Japan, be it remembered) and a cowboy (again in surroundings far removed from Italy or even New York). His successes were in picturesque Bohemian Paris, in the Rome of Napoleon's time, in the Florence of the Renaissance, and, to a certain extent, in the China of fairy-tale.

Whatever may be said for realism in the ordinary drama—and there is a lot to be said against it—it can have no important place in the world of opera, which is by nature an artificial form. If that seems to carry its condemnation, then a great deal else in art stands condemned as well. We have witnessed, for instance, the desperate efforts of young artists during the present century to escape, too often by routes that have led nowhere, from the tyranny of realism in their art. The same kind of thing is going on among the younger operatic composers abroad. They are seeking ways of escape from the uncomfortable legacy of Wagner. But none of them seems so far to have found the true solution or to have been big enough to make use of it. That solution is surely a return to artificiality in opera, a frank acceptance of what can be done in a combination of music and drama together with the elimination of what cannot be done, and, above all, the restoration of the voice to its proper throne as the dominating factor in opera.

Until Wagner arrived on the scene, the voice was supreme always, and, it must be admitted, often abused its position. Wagner transferred the interest of his music-dramas very largely to the orchestra, evolving his own by no means despicable declamatory system. Again his followers have shown their inability to use the technique he invented with any success. Strauss eventually gave up the attempt and produced the wholly artificial and very largely vocal 'Der Rosenkavalier' and 'Ariadne auf Naxos,' both good examples of the potentialities of modern opera. No one else has followed his lead; in fact he did not follow it himself in 'Intermezzo,' which appears to have been a complete failure.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the only novelties of any importance which have been produced at Covent Garden during the past ten years have been 'Ariadne' (a revision of an earlier version) and 'Turandot'—both of them works by men who had already made their names by the end of the nineteenth century. It seems to me that this state of affairs goes some way towards accounting for the apparent deterioration of operatic singing, which is most marked among the Italians, and, perhaps to some extent for the apathy of the English public, who have not exactly jumped at Sir Thomas Beecham's offer. There is not unnaturally a feeling, possibly unconscious but not the less strong, that opera is no longer a living thing. As a form it has always been subjected to the abuse of those who disliked it, but never since the days of Monteverde until to-day could it be called with any accuracy "dead." Somewhere there was always some new genius rising up to put new life into the existing conventions, as Mozart did, or to create new conventions of his own, like Gluck. We are having to wait what seems to us a long time for the next man in, but that there will be one sooner or later is hardly to be doubted, since Nature cannot be supposed suddenly to have ceased to endow a certain small proportion of mankind with a mind that combines musical genius with a taste for the theatre. H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—113

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet addressed "To a Young Lady playing upon the Piano-forte next Door." The sonnet, unlike the young lady's rhythm, should be strict.

B. It is now well known, though Schumann seems to have been unaware of it, that Heine's poem, 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' was inspired by a small pink pig. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a lyric in English and in the same vein, whose real subject is the common or garden slug.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 113a, or LITERARY 113b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 7, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of May 12.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 111

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a defence of or attack on this statement from 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey,' in not more than 300 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a triolet upon Mr. Henry Ford, who is now visiting this country, the first line of which must be

Mr. Ford crossed the road.

Competitors are reminded of a poem by Austin Dobson.

We have received the following report from Mr. Peter Traill, with which we concur, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. TRAILL

111A. The answers to this competition were of a high standard, and the armies of the attackers and defenders numerically nearly equal. The attackers, however, seemed to me to put their case more cogently, though Marienda Batten argued with skill for the defence. Richard Lane ably insisted that no bridge was necessary and Lester Ralph that none was possible. A number, including James Hall and Alima Wood, who were especially clear would have preferred the word "faith" instead of the word "love." It appeared to me that many understood the word "love" in altogether a too restricted sense and did not give it quite the meaning which, I think, Mr. Wilder intended. The meaning I deduced myself was that of the highest form of love, namely, disinterested love. Doris Elles adopts this view in her attack, but the case against Mr. Wilder is put best in my opinion by Bébé, and I recommend the last two named for the second and first prizes respectively.

FIRST PRIZE

This statement implies existence, and non-existence, a drastic division of the state of being, according to man's popular conception, and that of cessation from activity. But what if life is death, and death, life? Or if "There is no death. What seems so, is transition"? then the writer's picture of a human contrivance, tinged with an attribute of the divine, bridging an abyssal gulf, is likely to land its passengers in a Slough of Despond—for the bridge is but a frail structure in this case.

This hard-and-fast division between the living and dead is challenged by many who hold the belief that those who have passed on are "ministering spirits" to those alive. Maeterlinck asks, "How can they be dead, when they live in our memory? . . . The dead who are remembered, live as happily as though they were not dead."

This eternal world problem has, so far, been unsolved by love (including truth, beauty, and goodness) and "the bridge of love" has become the bridge of sighs for countless thousands since the Great War. In vain have they sought, by love, to pierce the veil that enshrouds their beloved dead. But love is helpless, and they fall back upon faith, or despair—seeking comfort, and finding none. Love, like faith, may remove mountains, yet its daily limitations, at the present state of man's existence, are all too apparent. Knowledge, hand in hand with faith in an ultimate purpose behind Creation, the discoveries of Science in the centuries yet unborn—these are the most potent weapons for

bridging the gulf from the known to the unknown. Proof of this has already been given to this age, and the findings of the future are beyond the comprehension of this generation. Therefore "the only survival, the only meaning," cannot be guaranteed.

BÉBÉ

SECOND PRIZE

We talk too glibly of bridges. Bridges of faith; bridges of hope and sorrow and love. Flimsy, inept structures all of them, yet we build and re-build them as though our own lives were not fashioned absurdly enough without trying to thrust these wavering links into an unknown distance.

In the land of the living disinterested love is admittedly rare. Thus if once we give or receive it we are apt to believe: "That is something solid. Nothing can take it away. It is safe with us now, it will take us through death and disaster, above the heights, beyond the grave." And at the end there is nothing. No bridge of love swinging bravely out from the land of the living, but the frailest line that wavers towards the land of the dead adrift and useless, while with every swing of the tide the threads of love begin to shrink and snap.

When the break in the Bridge of San Luis Rey sent five people to the land of the dead much disinterested love was lost to the land of the living,—Uncle Pio's, the Marquesa de Montemayor's, Pepita's. None of it survived death, but because such love had been some others had a little more sympathy with their fellow beings. That is all that could come of it. We talk too glibly of bridges.

DORIS ELLES

111B. The triolet is evidently a favourite vehicle for readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW and the entries were both numerous and ingenious. In referring readers to Austin Dobson's poem, however, I meant to draw their attention particularly to the couplet:

But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet.

Mr. Ford has just put on the market a new model in which he has discarded his old bonnet for a new one. Those, therefore, who did not sink to this low pun with me I had reluctantly to discard, and especially so in the case of W. B., who submitted the following:

Mr. Ford crossed the road
To avoid Mr. Morris
Who said "Well I'm blowed
Mr. Ford crossed the road
What an ad if I showed
Painted up on my lorries
"Mr. Ford crossed the road
To avoid Mr. Morris."

Major Brawn's first triolet, Doric, Ilam and E. Goodwill were all good, but for the reasons given above were not what I wanted. Margery Lawrence, Hartley Carrick, G. M. Graham and Cassandra were "right there," as Mr. Ford might say, and of these I preferred the entries of the first two named and recommend them in that order:

FIRST PRIZE

Mr. Ford crossed the road
To see his new bonnet.
(Tis now à la mode)—
Mr. Ford crossed the road
While he strung in an ode
The points pro and con it,
Mr. Ford crossed the road
To see his new bonnet.

MARGERY LAWRENCE

SECOND PRIZE

Mr. Ford crossed the road
To admire a new bonnet,
Which looked à la mode.

Mr. Ford crossed the road,
And remarked, "Well, I'm blowed;
It's got my name on it!"

Mr. Ford crossed the road
To admire a new bonnet!

HARTLEY CARRICK

BACK NUMBERS—LXX

I WISH I could claim for the SATURDAY that it reviewed, and appreciatively, FitzGerald's 'Omar': I cannot, for in common with all its contemporaries it simply ignored the book, which, as all the world knows, was presently in Quaritch's twopenny box. Rossetti and his circle soon gave it a kind of "secret fame"; Swinburne introduced it to George Meredith, and in the next hour or two dashed off certain stanzas of his own 'Laus Veneris,' in which with consummate art he has preserved the fitness of FitzGerald's form for weary meditation while rhyme-linking the stanzas by pairs so as to avoid the effect of isolated epigram. Round about 1862—I decline to look up dates for this table-talk—the thing was adored by perhaps a dozen of the elect; yet even in the Rossetti circle there were puzzled or recalcitrant people. Either in the masses of Rossettian-Swinburnian correspondence I have had occasion to peruse or somewhere else, there is a somewhat irritated protest by William Bell Scott against the cult of "Ram-Jam or some such person," and it took about thirty years to make Omar Khayyam a familiar name.

* * *

When Omar, or, rather, FitzGerald, triumphed the cult became, as the SATURDAY remarked in 1899, a good deal of a nuisance. For there were those, an intolerably industrious tribe, who would not content themselves with the consummate paraphrase by FitzGerald, but would pester us with disquisitions on the relation between the Persian and the English poem. It is nearly thirty years since a very young man who had the English by heart sought the opinion on this matter of those who had Persian, and himself compared literal translations with FitzGerald, and he would not be too confident now about the statistical results at which he then arrived with such assistance, but roughly they were these. Something like fifty of the English quatrains are close, though not literal, translations of the authentic Persian; about the same number are the product of more or less judicious compromise between readings found in one text and not in another; less than half a dozen are adaptations from verses found by FitzGerald in other Persian poets; and only four or five are (presumably) the outcome of FitzGerald's own musings on the vanity of life. In two or three instances FitzGerald has been misled by, or has with open eyes preferred, French mistranslation to the original. Once, according to the slightly Philistine Professor Cowell, in the magnificent "Man's forgiveness give and take," FitzGerald has been the victim of his imperfect knowledge of Persian, and has thus given to Omar an attitude towards the Deity for which there is no justification.

* * *

When Abraham Lincoln was told that one of his Generals drank too much he expressed the hope that others of them would be supplied with the same liquor. If ignorance of a language can yield things comparable with "Man's forgiveness give and take," it is deplorable that Frere and Cary and Rossetti were not more ignorant of the languages from which they made their wonderful versions, that Lockhart knew whatever he did of Spanish, that Rogers had Greek and Lafcadio Hearn Japanese. For myself and in the company of my betters, I refuse to believe that FitzGerald blundered into such imaginative audacity. Assuredly he saw the

opportunity and took it, knowing that what he was putting into Omar was truly Omarian.

* * *

The cult is no longer offensive. To be sure, there is still point in Andrew Lang's excellent beginning of an appreciation of Omar: "Although much admired by the worst judges." The worst judges, however, do not now pester us; as for the pundits, in Omar's own phrase, or FitzGerald's, "their words are scattered and their mouths are stopped with dust." The illustrators we still have with us, but their inadequacy is too obvious for any danger to be apprehended from that quarter. There is not one of them who has understood the enormous difficulty of illustrating any portion of that literature which includes Omar. Wine, the brevity of pleasure, the withering of the roses, the thought of that night from which there is no waking, the appeal to Lesbia or Corinna or the Saki—that is material for no man who has not understood how many thoughts which lie too deep for tears there may be in the ecstasy of wanton versifying. They take Herrick at his face value, forgetting that Corinna is to rise and, in the marvellous phrase, put on her foliage because Herrick, in a passage worthy of Catullus, has foreseen the end of all that maying. If they illustrated Rochester, they would take him for a rascal with wit and a knack of verse, instead of the undeveloped great poet he was. And Omar is an excuse for an Oriental picturesqueness different from but no more significant than that which prevailed in Byron's day.

* * *

But really, on the whole, we need not sigh now over the fate of FitzGerald's sad, pungent, beautifully wrought paraphrase. One thing only need move one to gnashing of the teeth, and that is the multiplication of nasty, arty little volumes in soft pseudo-leather, in which we are offered Omar in the book departments of the stores. But if people will buy books from those who vend them in an environment of miscellaneous frippery, instead of from booksellers, why, their misfortunes command no sympathy.

* * *

And now for a few final words of serious criticism of FitzGerald's style in the version of Omar. Commonly it is supposed that he made that style in the effort to render the Persian, and certainly some of its peculiarities may be so explained, but there is far too close a resemblance between FitzGerald rendering Omar and FitzGerald rendering the poetry of European writers for the theory to satisfy us. My own conviction is that so far as FitzGerald's style was neither strictly his own nor derived from the Persian, it was made on the model of Dryden's in that poet's versions. The technical influence of Dryden, despite the wretched text-books and the professors, is a thing very far-reaching, to be felt in works so different as 'Lamia' and 'Anactoria,' and I for one feel it in the moulding of many lines of FitzGerald. The darling of the late 'nineties, it must be remembered, had not only an admiration for Dryden but a liking for Crabbe, that Dryden (it should not have been Pope) "in worsted stockings." The unlikeness of the substance must not blind us to the likeness of the style in this instance any more than when, for such utterly alien purposes, Mr. Chesterton in 'The Ballad of the White Horse' uses the style of 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol.'

STET.

REVIEWS

THE LANGUAGE OF THE POET

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Poetic Diction. By Owen Barfield. Faber and Gwyer. 9s.

THE critic who takes the meaning of words as the main subject of his enquiry is obviously approaching the dangerous edge of the meaningless. It is something like the attempt of the physicist to see the atom, when he finds that his instruments themselves, to say nothing of his eyes, are made of atoms and of necessity fail him progressively as his research advances. "The full meanings of words," says Mr. Barfield, "are flashing, iridescent shapes like flames—ever-flickering vestiges of the slowly evolving consciousness beneath them." And it is with words, which are what he calls them and which can also be "stubborn, sullen, hephaestian beasts," as Barbellion called them, that he has to make his meaning plain. The result is an adventure snatched between meanings. Mr. Barfield skates exquisitely on the thinnest of ice throughout twelve chapters and four appendices. He has been obliged everywhere to use the most delicate means of expression, but often to slide away from a statement half-made.

His work is by no means finished. He has, if I am not mistaken, been engaged upon it for several years, and he might, with profit, devote himself to it for three times as many years more. This book is little more than an exploratory operation, a surveying of the ground. There is nothing in it which will not be in place in the finished work, but there is not much in it which will not there assume different proportions. Mr. Barfield confesses incompleteness by appendices containing material of an explanatory and qualificatory nature which ought to have been embodied in the text. He is still at that stage of investigation when explanation and qualification reveal themselves as necessary but do not yet reveal to the investigator how he is to incorporate them in the smooth flow of his argument. He is still at that stage when fresh avenues of relevant enquiry are apt to open with every stroke of the pen and demand to be explored even at the cost of a disproportionate expenditure of time. Thus he devotes to the question of metre less space than he will be obliged to give it in his completed work but enough to make it bulk too large in the present brief and experimental sketch of the subject. It is the same with his useful distinction between poetry as the cause of immediate pleasure and poetry as a possession of the mind. These things will have to be developed at much greater length before Mr. Barfield has finished his work, but when he has finished it they will occupy a less prominent place than they do at present.

His theme is, so far as I dare to think that I have understood it, the language used in poetry considered under two aspects. Language is the instrument by means of which the poet says what he has to say, and in judging the poet we must take into account the instrument he has at his disposal. But the poet (and this is more important to Mr. Barfield's purpose) is also one of the instruments through which the consciousness underlying language struggles towards its full growth. This second point can, perhaps, be best illustrated by a quotation:

A careful study of Shakespeare reveals him as the probable author of a great part of the modern meanings of several words which are practically key-terms to whole areas of typical modern thought—especially to those parts of it which are peculiarly the discovery of English thinkers. He was, for example, as far as is known to the compilers of the "Oxford Dictionary," the first person to use *function* of a physical

organ, and the first person to use *inherit*, not of property, but of moral or physical qualities. *Nerve* meant a sinew or tendon, or, metaphorically, strength, before he employed it in its modern physical sense; and the word *voluntary* is not known to have been applied to human actions—except with a definite connotation of moral disapproval—until it was so applied in Shakespeare's works. He is also the first writer quoted in the "Oxford Dictionary" as applying the words *create*, *adore*, *religion*, *magic*, to other than avowedly supernatural or (in the case of *adore*) royal, subjects.

The general drift of this line of enquiry hardly needs to be emphasized. Mr. Barfield wants to know what poets mean by what they say, and how they come to mean it. What should, I think, be emphasized is the fact that he has hardly done more than rough out a plan of campaign. His point of view is one that commands two rich fields of investigation. Neither wholly a philologist nor wholly a critic, he has found a way of bringing philology and criticism into a useful relation. Beginning as a man appreciative of the values of poetry, he lays down principles by which the conclusions of the philologists may be checked. Beginning as a man acquainted with the conclusions of philology, he throws light on the poetic process.

Perhaps the most valuable thing that he says, which can be separated from its context, is that poetry differs from the other arts in this, that "(excluding the sound values) consciousness is the actual material in which she works." But words are the medium by which consciousness establishes itself in the world, the means by which it makes or consolidates its advances. Therefore, a study of words must, if it is undertaken in the right spirit, be the best approach to the study of poetry.

In this direction there is much to be done and Mr. Barfield ought to do it. But he must be much more exhaustive and must cast his net wider for examples—not merely for such examples as will make his meaning plainer to the reader but also for such as will subject his theories to the severest tests in his own eye. I would suggest as a point of departure thoroughly sympathetic to his present position the following passage from a book which is too little known, the *Notes et Réflexions sur l'Art Poétique* of M. Pierre Lièvre:

Nul plus que [Baudelaire] n'a su jeter une illumination saisissante sur un mot vulgaire, pris dans son acception la plus vulgaire. Il est le grand trouvaille des expressions et des images.

Avoir rencontré mille fois un mot vulgaire, occupé à ses basses besognes, l'avoir prononcé négligemment, comme on traite un domestique, puis sentir un jour par un sorte de révélation sa beauté, comme un saveur sur les lèvres, au moment qu'on le prononce une fois de plus, l'élever alors à une dignité poétique, peut-être éminente, j'imagine que ça doit être là la plus vive satisfaction d'un poète.

We have here, in one of the most practical books ever written about poetry, an instructively close approach to Mr. Barfield's theories. The word is the thing and Mr. Barfield has entered on a task which may well mark a period in the history of criticism.

FASCISM

The Fascist Dictatorship. By Gaetano Salvemini. Cape. 15s.

FASCISM has won the approval of Mr. Bernard Shaw and of the *Morning Post*, and now Signor Salvemini, formerly Professor of History at Florence, has issued the first volume of what promises to be the weightiest indictment of the present regime in Italy that has appeared. It will be interesting to see if the approval of the former is qualified in the light of what Signor Salvemini has to say. Actually, it must be confessed, Mr. Shaw hardly went further than to suggest that all politicians behave as though they were diligent students of Machiavelli, that differences of degree are not of much account,

and that there is not much to be said for bourgeois liberalism anyhow. If a tithe of the well-documented charges in this book can be justified there is at any rate a great deal that can be said against Fascism.

According to Signor Salvemini the story that Fascism saved Italy and Western Europe from Bolshevism is a legend without basis in fact. After the war large numbers of unemployed and dissatisfied ex-officers liked to think of themselves as revolutionaries, and those in employment were not too content to have exchanged a life of adventure for the career of a bank clerk or a grocer. The terms of the peace did not satisfy Italian ambitions, and those who had clamoured the loudest for intervention in the war were the noisiest in maintaining that it had been fought in vain. If to this we add inflation, economic crisis, and a growing paralysis of Parliament because of the group system, the elements of catastrophe are visible. Mussolini was apparently a revolutionary of the extreme Left before the war, and in its early months urged the workers not to allow themselves to be swept into the bourgeois war but to prepare for the social revolution which should succeed the crisis of capitalist society. In October, 1914, however, he became an interventionist but continued to call himself a revolutionary. If the facts given here are accurate he also sympathized with the policy of extreme violence both before and after the war. The assassination of Stolypin in 1911 he called "a just nemesis," and in July, 1919, at the time of the food riots he wrote: "A few food-hogs hanging from the lamp-posts would be a good example." This would accord with Mussolini's avowed belief that violence is "fundamentally moral."

But Signor Salvemini attributes the prime responsibility for the present situation to the "Liberals" who held office at the end of 1920, Giolitti, the Prime Minister, Bonomi, and Fera. He writes:

Seeing that the Communists and Socialists were everywhere yielding before the Fascists' onslaught, they thought the Communists and Socialists were having the lesson they deserved. Instead of satisfying the wish for peace and order that had arisen all over the country, they thought that the Fascist offensive might be utilized to break the strength not only of the Socialists and Communists, but also of the Christian-Democrats. They preferred to allow the civil war to continue, hoping with its help to manipulate new elections so as to have a Chamber in which a "Liberal" majority need no longer reckon either with Socialists or with Christian-Democrats. They therefore allowed the chief of the Army to equip the Fascists with rifles and lorries and authorized retired officers and officers-on-leave to command them.

Signor Salvemini distinguishes three phases in the evolution of the Fascist movement up to 1922. In the first two years it consisted of "patriotic youths." In 1921, it "became an anti-Trade Unionist movement in the interests of the profiteers." In 1922, it developed into "an anti-parliamentary movement in the service of a military 'Black Hand.'" The central figure in the military conspiracy is said to have been the Duke of Aosta, the King's cousin, who hoped that the Fascist movement would lead to the abdication of the King and to a change of dynasty from which he might profit.

In the projected *coup d'état* of November, 1921, D'Annunzio did not play his allotted part. Mussolini was D'Annunzio's successor as "the figure-head of which the military 'Black-hand' was in need." In Signor Salvemini's view this had been made possible by Mussolini's astute opportunism, which performed the further miracle of uniting the very diverse elements among the "Black Shirts." Mussolini's position at this time is summarized as follows:

In the first place he hated the Socialists, whose leader he had been up till the autumn of 1914, and who now threw mud at him as a renegade and a traitor.

Secondly, he had borrowed from Communism and revolutionary Syndicalism a contempt for Liberalism and Democracy, and the cult of violence as a political weapon.

Thirdly, he had borrowed from the creed of Imperialism its appeal to patriotic exaltation. . . .

He knew his public, as only a man can know it who has been a journalist, first of the Left, and then of the Right; and he played on it with the skill of a demagogue of the first rank.

There followed the general strike, which was a fiasco, and the "March on Rome" which installed the Fascists in power. Signor Salvemini believes that the economic life of the country had already recovered from the post-war troubles in spite of the paralysis of Parliament and the disorders of the civil war. In his reading of events the Fascists therefore claimed credit afterwards for an improvement for which they were not primarily responsible. Further, he thinks that only a few thousand took part in the "March," and that the achievement of power and the vast increase in numbers was due to the King's refusal to sign the proclamation of martial law.

Fascist rule is discussed in three chapters with the titles, 'The Reign of the Bludgeon,' 'The Right to Kill,' and 'The Matteotti Murder.' In regard to the last Signor Salvemini argues strongly for the complicity of Mussolini. However that may be, the lenient treatment of the avowedly guilty is very eloquent, and the simple dignity of the letter from Matteotti's widow declining to participate in the last act of the legal farce is impressive.

We have thought it well to content ourselves with giving an outline of Signor Salvemini's indictment, the second volume of which, however, has still to appear. It sets out the case against Fascism. The case on the other side has been often stated. To arrive at the whole truth is probably impossible at the present day. What that elusive and friendless person, the impartial historian, would say we can only guess. He would probably agree that Signor Mussolini is at least the most amazing publicist of our time.

SIX POETS

This Blind Rose. By Humbert Wolfe. Gollancz. 6s.

The Silver Cat, and Other Poems. By Humbert Wolfe. Benn. £3 3s.

Lost Address. By Chard Powers Smith. Benn. 6s.

The Vortex. By J. Redwood Anderson. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Gollancz. 6s.

Dedication. By Viola Garvin. Gollancz. 3s. 6d.

WE may, for the purpose of brief and necessarily inadequate appraisal, distinguish three kinds of poetry. There is the authentic, unchallengeable expression of beauty in the form at once unique and universal. There is the construction of the conscious mind, under the forms consecrated to beauty. And there is the second pretending to be the first. Of these three, the first, and the first only, is pure poetry. But it does not follow that it is the only kind worth writing. The triumphs of the intelligence are not comparable to those of the imagination, but they have their own worth in their own sphere; they include much of the work of the Metaphysicals, much of Pope, much of Browning, much of Byron. It is only when the accent of the intelligence mistakes itself for the accent of the imagination, when the second type degenerates into the third, that we get pastiche instead of poetry. It is here that the main difficulty of criticism comes in. Anybody can distinguish, say, the Browning who is writing splendidly from the Browning who

is writing intelligently—in those cases where it is evident that the poet himself knows, and intends, what he is doing; but who shall distinguish the Browning who is writing splendidly from the Browning who is trying to write splendidly? The test is subjective; and, though we feel it to be final, we cannot prove it so. The thrill may be factitious: the failure to be thrilled may indicate mere brutish ineptitude. Only posterity can decide; and posterity suspends judgment.

There are nearly a hundred poems in Mr. Humbert Wolfe's new volume—the best and most various volume he has given us (and that is saying a lot: for he is one of the poets who have never brought less than excitement and delight). It contains examples of all the three kinds distinguished above. 'A Last Unflecting Kiss,' from the daring inevitability of its first line to the exquisite sensitiveness of its concluding image, is pure poetry—we cannot refrain from quoting it in full:

What shall I say when I am old
and the young men reading me
find in you only the crystal-cold
graces of poetry?

What shall I do when your beauty, for these,
is legendary as hers
who was the womanhood of Greece
made manifest in verse?

What shall I do, how shall I prove
against prevailing time
that rhyme endures because of love,
not love because of rhyme?

How shall I make them understand
that all I do in this
is but to set against your hand
a last unflecting kiss;

and not with words, but like a hare
that crouches in her form,
my lips, for ever moulded there,
will tremble and be warm.

Other poems which show Mr. Wolfe at his purest and highest (we are suggesting examples, not attempting full enumeration) are 'Love' ("I will tell you what love is"), 'The House of Ghosts,' 'Silence,' 'Cyclamen,' 'Ilion'—

They hoarded their loveliness, while Helen spent it.
They were young as the first crisp lily is young,
straight as the corn before the wind has bent it.
But where are they named now, or where are they sung?

—'Women,' 'The Runners,' 'Why Should a Man Complain?' Among "intellectual" poems, on the other hand, we should put 'The Two Gardens,' 'The Fool has said in his Heart,' 'What Am I Afraid For?' 'Baudelaire,' 'The Japanese Mask,' and the quite extraordinarily successful 'General Election.'

What of the third and least admirable category? Speaking with diffidence but with honesty, we should place there 'The Olive-Trees,' 'Words,' 'The Snow and the Candle,' 'Oxford,' parts of 'First Love,' and (very definitely) 'The Young Knight.' Such phrases as "immemorially beautiful," "eternal alibi," "adventure's beautiful violence," "the grave, incontrovertible horizon," strike, in their places, as all-but the right thing; and all-but is not good enough from a real poet. Why "the long economy of bronze" should sound "made," when "the long divorce of steel" is very great poetry, only the ear of the heart can tell; and, since ears and hearts are private organs, we have already disclaimed anything beyond an individual reaction. But to a further doubt we have an answer. Why, it may be asked, submit Mr. Wolfe to such minute scrutiny, instead of simply thanking whatever gods may be for the beauty he provides? Our answer is that examination is the highest compliment: we believe in Mr. Wolfe's past and his present, but still more do we believe in his future; and there may be danger to that future in the amazing knack which goes side by side with his amazing gift. The very brilliance of his intellectual powers may disturb with

impatience the divine silence through which the divine voice is to break. Meanwhile, we are wholly and ardently grateful for the beauty already achieved and offered—and offered, perhaps, in the best parts of this book, more abundantly than in the author's previous best.

'The Silver Cat' contains some of Mr. Wolfe's loveliest lines, and it seems a pity that they should not be available to the less-than-three-guinea public. All the more because of that, however, will the fortunate possessors of this limited edition gloat over their possession (human nature being, as they say, what it is). We have, unfortunately, left ourselves no space to quote from it; for the poems are of a kind to which nothing less than sustained quotation would do justice.

'Lost Address' is in some places exciting and in some places interesting and in some places dull; and the poet has put several of the dullest pieces at the beginning. But the lover of poetry should persevere, for Mr. Smith has the root of the matter in him. 'The Lady of My Love,' with which the collection opens, is mere verse-making—all but one line; and that line is poetry. When we turn to the name-poem, we find an astonishing improvement in technique; there is poetry all through, and there is unity; the poetry composes into a poem, a poem at once thrilling and memorable. The 'Dead March for a Roman General' has (despite a ludicrously weak last stanza) an equal thrill, but of a very different kind. Indeed, Mr. Smith's range of accomplishment and interest is as remarkable as the uncertainty of his technique. He can do the long, rattling, galloping narrative ("Custer"), as well as the solemn sonnet and the "modern" lyric; and he is sometimes content with a sort of pseudo-Kiplingesque jingle like this:

I loved in the pliocene tangle,
Played tag on the roofs of the trees.
I looted the emerald spangle
Beneath with the sun and the bees.

He has, in fact, a lot to learn about writing poetry; but certainly he is a poet.

So, we think, is Mr. Redwood Anderson. His verse is that of the animated intelligence rather than of the sudden glory; one remembers rather the general impression of his force and variety than the illumination of the single line. But the impression is real and powerful; both intellect and imagination have been at work; Mr. Anderson has both a vision and a voice. If he has been directly influenced by previous work at all, it is perhaps by Henley's 'London Voluntaries'; but there is no hint of a borrowed accent. Mr. Anderson gives the impression that he writes poetry because he must—the one excuse for writing poetry. No quotation of the brevity necessary in this review could give the colour and quality of his work; streets, school, fair, meeting, shipyard, are to him parts of a troubling, haunting, inspiring unity; and the uneven but rhythmic movement of his rhymes is the just expression of his thought.

Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson does not, alas, succeed in making us feel that he writes poetry because he must. His 'Tristram' is a very long, very conscientious narrative poem, containing lines of subtlety and sincerity: it is clever, thoughtful, energetic, psychological and dull. If a good mind and a good education would make poetry, poetry this would be. As it is, we have read on and on in search of the saving spark, and have to confess ourselves defeated.

Miss Viola Garvin's music is her own. In externals—in turns of rhythm and melodious irregularities of rhyme, perhaps—it may be possible to detect outside influences: 'It Is the Swallow,' for instance, is of the school of Mr. Humbert Wolfe. But such experimenting does not obscure the essential originality of the original voice, and the lyric note in Miss Garvin's book

is so pure, so certain, so straightforward, that it cannot possibly be mistaken for anything but the real, right, essential matter. There are trifles here, such as 'Toy Ships'; and conceits, such as 'Conceit'; but there are also lines worthy of a place among the best that our days can show. How noble is the sonnet that begins:

Those earliest loves did but endeavour love,
As previous snowdrops try the winter air.

Excellent and exquisite is the close of another sonnet, 'The Traveller.' 'Portrait' does, with perfect and kindling success, a most difficult thing. Beautiful too are 'A Cloud,' and 'The First Nightingale,' and 'June' and 'The Quest' and 'The End.' In such verse, the imagination and the intelligence are one.

A BRIGHT YOUNG PERSON

The Trials of Topsy. By A. P. Herbert.
Fisher Unwin. 6s.

THE great drolls of the music-halls have always been able to make their exaggerations explicit: they over-stated everything and were yet slashingly accurate; they painted an absurd grotesque and the nose was so red that you could read the truth by its light. Mr. Herbert's Topsy is reminiscent of that wild sanity which lives in over-emphasis. Her lips are as deep incarnadined as any Bardolphian nose of the halls and the illumination is equally radiant and complete, she is more silly than all the Society sillies who rattle into print or about whom the professional rattlers and tattlers are so punctually and persistently informative. She is the very genius of those appalling marches where Mayfair jostles Bohemia and she is more utterly modern than the night-club which the Hon. Freddie Snort founded yesterday and will abandon to-morrow. Yet there is in Topsy's correspondence with her darling Trix the rumble of eternal verities. When Marie Lloyd used to sing 'It's a little of what you fancy does you good,' right-minded people knew that they were listening to better philosophy than is taught in half the schools. So with Topsy. She is the charming droll who is so dreadfully right.

Topsy's method of writing is to pick up in italics what she drops in punctuation. It is, one knows, a current mode of the British female young and Topsy is drastic in this pursuit of linguistic speed combined with significant emphasis. But with all her verbal flourishes, Topsy can fulfil the droll's high function of getting to the root of the matter while she raises a deal of dust. Consider this, for instance, of doctrinal controversy in the modern manner:

But, my dear, what I find so perfectly damping is I simply can't discover what it's all about, because, my dear, the extraordinary thing is that this time it seems it's got nothing to do with the Modern Girl, my dear, I've read *reams*, and not a hoot about the Young, and I do wish some nice simple Bishop would write a simple letter to the *Times* and simply give a simple synopsis so that people like you and me could *Start Now* like a serial. . . .

And then better still:

From what I can make out its all *germane* to this absolutely inflammatory monkey business; well, my dear, it seems some of them say that Man was specially constructed, and the others say that he merely evolved out of an ape-like stock, and, my dear, they've had the most elaborate riots in some cathedral about it, because, my dear, it's never spoiled my beauty-sleep up to now, but it seems that if it should turn out the origins of Man were monkeys one simply couldn't go on. . . .

One goes on.

Topsy, one soon discovers, is really a lord of language—or should we say lady? Her sense for the just epithet is perfect. Of the end of a dull and somewhat dry dinner she writes, "There's all that pedantic decanter-pushing and nothing happens," and of a country wedding she observes that top-hats in

the country look a bit too "didactic," and wonders why the country ladies in masses of jet cannot get "something bacchanal in pale grey." Returning to religion we hear of "platoons of Bishops writing wounded letters." Could terminological exactitude go further?

Occasionally the italics are those of Topsy while the hand is too obviously that of Mr. Herbert. Would Topsy really have complained about the polite gunmen who cannot spend a day in the country without bloodshed? More often, however, Mr. Herbert seems to be speaking through the mouth of the engaging Mr. Haddock, whom Topsy ultimately weds. What a pity the wedding had to take place in the dead vast and middle of the day. "Later weddings, brighter weddings," is one of Mr. Haddock's most reasonable demands. Here again Topsy is deputy for Mr. Herbert's common-sense. Out of the strong there may occasionally come forth sweetness; out of the silly, in this case, a jet of wisdom issues. Is this to mistake the baggage for high priestess? Hardly, for we are well aware that Topsy's first function as a correspondent is to be readable and that she continuously is. Naturally, if you read straight through Topsy's trials you may like her less fervently than you did. This may not be the kind of book you never lay down; it is exactly the kind you will always want to take up. Ten minutes of Topsy is a consolation indeed amid the discomforts of a world that is dominated by the "Dora" mind.

THE EMIGRATION PROBLEM

Human Migration and the Future; A Study of the Causes, Effects, and Control of Emigration. By J. W. Gregory. Seeley, Service. 12s. 6d.

AT the World Population Conference last autumn, M. Albert Thomas, in a moving speech, expressed the fear that disputes arising from migration, unless taken in hand, would involve the world in a fresh war, worse than the last. Certainly there is nothing except armaments so well adapted for raising a scare among comparatively intelligent people, the reason being that both subjects involve such complex statistical and technical comparisons as to throw them entirely into the hands of the expert or pseudo-expert. If he proves to be unscrupulous, or tendentious without conscious falsification, or even if he falls into errors of fact or outlook, which are only too easy to commit, he may do untold harm, particularly if the effect of his argument is to stir up suspicion, as was done in the case of armaments before the war. In such cases, conclusions may prove dangerous in inverse ratio to the heat with which they are presented, for the hysterical exposition of alarmist facts and figures brings its own antidote, while a calmer and more reasonable statement, where the reader is more or less out of his depth, is much likelier to carry permanent conviction. From this point of view Professor Gregory's book is much more dangerous than some others on this question which we have had to notice, for while his assumptions and point of view are as false as any, his qualifications and evident command of his subject must ensure his being taken seriously. "His subject," that is where the catch lies, for Dr. Gregory is a Professor of Geology, not of Sociology, and his admirably scientific manner tends to disguise the fact that he is writing not as a scientist but as an amateur, with the usual short-comings of an amateur in these fields.

Taking for granted the undesirability of the white race remaining in a minority to the rest, he sets himself to investigate, not how an equilibrium of world population can gradually be brought about, but how a maximum numerical increase of whites can best be

distributed. "Human history shows," he informs us, "that the higher civilization has always taken over from the less civilized the areas necessary for its expansion. The universality of that process proves its justification. Human progress has been, in fact, dependent upon it. . . ." As, to take some concrete examples, in the expansion of the civilization of the Huns, Goths and Vandals over the Roman Empire, or the Turks over the Byzantine, or the culture of the Spanish adventurers over the Incas of Peru.

This is nothing but pre-war *Kultur* transmuted from national to racial ends. "The emigration of people is economically as disadvantageous to an industrial country as the export of iron ore and pig iron." Where have we heard that phrase before, or something remarkably like it? We should make it quite clear that in discussing the merits as migrants of the various nationalities, even non-European ones, Dr. Gregory is scrupulously careful to avoid prejudice, and to say nothing with which an independent critic of the race in question might not be forced in fairness to agree; where he goes wrong is over the fundamental attitude; everything follows once you accept his point of view. Emigration as a means of furthering the hegemony of the white races; emigration as a means of enabling Britain and Europe, drawing a larger dividend on an increased colonial area and population, to support a larger non-productive class in greater comfort—shut your eyes to the decreasing world resources per head, to the tendency of new countries to grow self-supporting and leave the parasitic section of Europe in the lurch, take these as your ideals and here you will find a well-reasoned and on the whole admirable analysis of the means of accomplishing them. The book all the same contains several errors of fact, and the proofs should have been better read; thus on p. 181 we get "the emigration capacity of a country" where "immigration" is evidently intended and on p. 192 "introduce" for "induce." No doubt this same shortcoming is responsible for other extraordinary statements, such as that on p. 180 which credits us with an urban population only 11.83 per cent. of the whole. For others, which cannot be explained in the same way, such as the assertion that Europe a hundred years ago was faced with famine "owing to the waning yield of the exhausted soils," it would be interesting to hear his evidence; surely, wherever the Agricultural Revolution had made any headway, improved methods sent the crop yields up.

WARS

The Rough Riders. By Hermann Hagedorn. Harper. 7s. 6d.

Rank and File. By Theodore Roosevelt. Scribner. 10s. 6d.

Passchendaele and the Somme. By Hugh Quigley. Methuen. 6s.

IN the absence of any immediate prospect of universal peace, it does no harm to remind ourselves occasionally that not all wars have been as bad as the last one was. Here are three books, all very competently written, which afford an interesting contrast in the totally different views which they take of modern warfare. Mr. Hagedorn starts off on the romantic note. He has written a remarkable book, half fiction and half fact. His methods must surely be unique; for, intermingled with a charming and sincere love-story, he gives a spirited description of the Spanish-American War in Cuba in which some of his principal characters are persons who actually took part in that campaign. Ex-President Roosevelt, General Wood and others are treated just like people in a novel, in the sense of being made to act and speak at Mr. Hagedorn's will.

No doubt both their deeds and their words, as described in this book, are strictly "in character"; and Mr. Hagedorn explains that he has been careful not to take too many liberties with history. But we never know exactly where history ends and imagination begins, and the book is so readable that we presently cease to care.

Roosevelt—not Steve, the young lover—is the real hero, and he makes an ideal one for a modern adventure book. If he never actually referred to his G.O.C. as "a futile old mush-bag," it is just the kind of thing he would have said; and the story of his struggles against red tape and lethargy in high places, and of how he endeared himself to his Rough Riders, whom he raised and led, is extraordinarily entertaining when told in fiction form. War loses most of its grislier aspects here; it becomes an affair of bugle calls and cavalry charges; there was plenty of danger even then, but much less dirt. Mr. Hagedorn's New York lawyer, who was asked what on earth America went to war with Spain for, and replied, quite seriously, "Romance," was fully justified in the event.

With Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, however, we approach a little nearer to realities. He writes not of "the grandest circus I ever knew"—to quote his father on the Spanish-American War—but of the recent clash of nations in Europe. Even here an American writer has the advantage that his countrymen were not long enough in the struggle for the iron to enter into their souls. That is not to disparage their gallant and timely effort, but merely to state a fact. They see the war in more heroic colours—or rather, with less mud and blood smeared across it—than most of us do. Perhaps they really see it more clearly. At any rate, what we get from Colonel Roosevelt is a vigorous and inspiring account of some of the principal acts of heroism performed by American soldiers during the war. The lack of variety in trench warfare, as compared with the hostilities in Cuba, is not to be denied; these stories are very much alike; and Colonel Roosevelt's habit of decorating them with journalistic *clichés* only adds to the appearance of similarity. Nearly all the faces are "hard-bitten" and "lean," except those of the higher officers, which are of "granite"; and there is more than a touch of the war

FIRST DIRECT EAST TO WEST ATLANTIC FLIGHT

Made by Capt. Koehl,
Baron von Huenefeld,
and Major Fitzmaurice,
flying the Junker
monoplane Bremen.

LUBRICATION BY SHELL

correspondent in such phrases as "gaunt, powder-streaked men." But it rings true. Its only sins, after all, are those of omission. It is the kind of book that one hopes may be read by schoolboys in America.

It remains for the British infantry officer, Mr. Hugh Quigley, to bring us down to earth with a bump. There were not many illusions left in the infantry by the summer of 1917, when this diary opens. It is, however, a point on the other side that Mr. Quigley, who started with the usual enthusiasms, had become something very like a pessimist before his battalion left Etaples. The one great thing that the war has done—he decided at that stage—is to write "in words stronger than flame that the quiet affections remain greatest and most immortal, and have their own peaceful power to subdue the warrior instinct." May they long succeed in doing so! Any man who fought for long in the war became "as one with whom nightmare has been a living thing and a constant bed-fellow," as "a soul arrested in its passage through darkness to light." We can all think of examples. The interest of Mr. Quigley's book, it will be perceived, is mainly psychological. He tells us what he thinks about in the trenches, not what he does. And by this means he does succeed in reproducing the "atmosphere" of those later years—the settled gloom, the dogged, half mechanical determination to go on to the end—in a way that few other war diarists have done. The romanticists, he maintains, are merely trying "to spread an aureole round hell." Possibly. Yet he himself admits, in one of his rare hopeful moments, that "war ennoble the man to the angel." It is all very confusing. Perhaps the truth may be that this is no case for generalizations. We talk always about war; but in fact there have been wars *and* wars. Let us remember Roosevelt and his Rough Riders and hope for the best.

LONDON STATUES

London's Open-air Statuary. By Lord Edward Gleichen. Longmans. 21s.

THIS book supplies a need. Hitherto there has been no published work which has dealt exhaustively with the statuary of London. Lord Edward Gleichen comes to the rescue with a handsomely-produced volume, fully illustrated, admirably indexed and containing a full bibliography: it is a model of what such a book should be.

In 1844 there were only twenty-two statues in London; to-day the number is well over 350. Many of these statues have been commemorated in poetry and literature; it is surprising, in this age of anthologies, that no anthology of English statuary has yet been compiled. Perhaps the most famous of all London's statues, if one excepts the Albert Memorial, is the equestrian monument to Charles I at Charing Cross. Waller, the Restoration poet, flamboyantly attributed to this statue a Divine origin:

... Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And kings so killed rise conquerors again.

Lord Edward, by the way, dispels a popular illusion about the King Charles statue:

The tradition, so long accepted, that the sculptor committed suicide on finding that he had forgotten to model the saddle-girths, is entirely without foundation: for in the first place Le Sueur did not commit suicide, and in the second the girths are there all right—though not very easily discernible.

Another statue to provoke a poem was that to Oliver Cromwell, which stands in Old Palace Yard. It was presented to the nation by Lord Rosebery, but Parliament, by a vote taken on June 17, 1895, refused per-

mission for the statue to be erected inside the House. On this refusal Swinburne expressed himself with characteristic vigour:

The enthroned Republic from her kinglier throne
Spoke, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
With kinglets and with queenlings hewn in stone?

A statue apt to escape the attention of the passer-by is that which surmounts the steeple of St. George's Church, in Bloomsbury. It depicts, not, as might be supposed, George, the patron saint of England, but that stalwart Defender of the Protestant Faith, George I. Its erection in the earlier years of the eighteenth century was responsible for the following lines from a contemporary lampoonist:

When Henry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
He ruled over England as Head of the Church,
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
Instead of the Church, made him Head of the Steeple!

Lord Edward's generosity of appreciation is evidenced in his description of the Nurse Cavell statue as a "strikingly fine marble figure." Few, however, will feel inclined to dispute his statement that the statue to Richard Cobden at Camden Town is "about the cheapest statue on record, and one of the worst." For some inscrutable reason Napoleon III contributed largely to the cost of its erection.

Few statues in England can have had a more prosaic origin than the Match-Tax Memorial outside Bow Station, on the North London Railway. This "painfully unappetizing erection of white stone" (to borrow Lord Edward's phrase) was "put up in 1872 . . . to commemorate the successful resistance organized by Messrs. Bryant & May (whose match factory is close by) against the tax on matches proposed by Mr. Robert Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer."

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The Eternal Moment. By E. M. Forster. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

Brook Evans. By Susan Glaspell. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Gemel in London. By James Agate. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MR. FORSTER is surely the most unreviewable of contemporary novelists. He knows so well what he is about, he succeeds so perfectly in what he sets out to do, that criticism, which delights to elucidate the obscure or to discover a discrepancy between intention and performance, is silenced. There is another quality in Mr. Forster's work which forestalls criticism: the exquisite finish of every detail—the joy given by sentences, single words, punctuation; the eloquent transitions between paragraphs. The very spacing of the lines, the waste places of the page, have grace and significance, reminding us of those Chinese pictures in which, so we are told, the things the artist has left out have an equal importance with those he has put in. Beauty of detail is as rare in the modern novel as it is in the modern world; and the critic, recognizing it, is disposed to close his eyes and let himself go in a luxury of praise.

But unfortunately, literature being such a very mixed art, he has to look further. Whether or not in painting the subject makes a difference, in

literature it certainly does: the writer, like the reader, has his temperament, his private preferences and preoccupations to contend with, and do what he may to subdue himself to the austere impersonality of art, these personal predilections will out, and send their partisan challenge rumbling through his pages. And the reader is forced to take the challenge up: he can no longer abandon himself to the "pure, æsthetic emotion": he must confirm and applaud, or deny or murmur.

All the stories in 'The Eternal Moment' were written before 1914, so that consideration of them is in the nature of an exhumation rather than a vivisection. Some are concerned with ordinary, subliminal life; some with the future; some with Heaven and Hell. One, 'The Story of the Siren,' has been printed separately and there must be, I imagine, many lovers of English prose who know its first paragraph by heart. To me, the ironic fantastic tales are the least satisfactory. They are conceived in a mood of dissatisfaction, that never rises into moral indignation but that does, on the other hand, sometimes degenerate into querulousness and into a gesture less generous and wholehearted than kicking against the pricks. Mr. Forster seems to believe in a Golden Age, an age of youth, in which golden lads and lasses disported themselves, free from the repressive influence of their Elders. Nowadays (one seems to conclude from his pages) the "lovely brutality" of youth is at the mercy of the old, the hide-bound, the stupid, the respectable and the philistine. More than once he has emphasized the contrast between youthful and ingenuous natures, full of animal grace and beauty, and the stern pedagogic persons, armed with ferrules and breathing the unenterprising maxims of middle-age, who crush the life out of them. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life; with this few would disagree: but Mr. Forster seems to identify the spirit with a certain definite race of beings—amiable, animal natures akin to Pan; and at times he writes as though he were trying to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of Nature. But he will never quite declare himself. The darts fly and the victims fall: but exactly who is defeated, and who victorious, I am unable to say. What one can say is, how much one enjoyed 'The Story of the Siren' and what marvellous passages there are in 'The Eternal Moment' itself:

Her arrival was saddening. It displeased her to see the great hotels in a great circle, standing away from the village where all life should have centred. Their illuminated titles, branded on the tranquil evening slopes, still danced in her eyes. And the monstrous *Hôtel des Alpes* haunted her like a nightmare. In her dreams she recalled the portico, the ostentatious lounge, the polished walnut bureau, the vast rack for the bedroom keys, the panoramic bedroom crockery, the uniforms of the officials and the smell of smart people—which is to some nostrils quite as depressing as the smell of poor ones. She was not enthusiastic over the progress of civilization, knowing by Eastern experiences that civilization rarely puts her best foot foremost, and is apt to make the barbarians immoral and vicious before her compensating qualities arrive. And here there was no question of progress; the world had more to learn from the village than the village from the world.

One looks back wistfully to the year 1914, since when Mr. Forster has written all too little.

'Brook Evans' is one of those competent American novels which are impressive without being interesting. It has an excellent if improbable situation: a middle-aged respectable man marries a woman very much his junior in order to save her good name. He accepts the parentage of the child. When the child grows up the mother is determined she shall know what love really is, love independent of man-made regulations, the love she had found with her sweetheart beside the brook. So she encourages her daughter to be as emancipated as possible, to dance and to wear low-necked dresses. She also tells her the secret of her parentage.

The result is not what she expected. The daughter turns from her mother to her mother's husband; and when she leaves home it is not (as her mother hoped) to elope with Tony, but to become a missionary.

Then Miss Glaspell rather destroys the point of the book by showing how, many years later, the mother's instinct reasserted itself in the daughter and led her into a second marriage with a blue-eyed Scandinavian who "used to mathematically prove there could be no God." 'Brook Evans' ends in a tangle. One cannot feel much interest in the characters or in the things they say. Once novelists were at pains to make their dialogue more amusing than conversation in real life: now they try, and try successfully, to make it less amusing. It seems as though art must submit to the dreary conditions of American middle-class life:

This was a very bad morning to take Bess—the potatoes. Why hadn't she asked for her day before yesterday? Well, she could have her Monday afternoon. But mother was firm. She must go in this morning. "I ask for her little enough," she said, when it became necessary to say this. It was so true that, grumbling, her father submitted.

"Where are we going to, Mother?"

"You'll see," her mother replied almost gaily.

Miss Glaspell is sometimes sentimental; she is never, like Brook's mother, almost gay; and the dejected, defeated quality in her writing communicates itself to the reader.

Mr. Hemingway's America is not dreary but dangerous. He writes of prize-fighters and assassins; and he does give the impression that life is a cheap matter and may be forfeited at any moment. His characters are men of few words, and whether in Spain, Italy or America they express themselves in the same kind of way. There is a good deal of repetition in the dialogue, due sometimes to the drunkenness of the characters, sometimes merely to the fact that they are

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SATURDAY REVIEW as "nearly perfect," but there are others here as good.

From Double Eagle to Red Flag

by GENERAL P. N. KRASSNOFF. 21s.

Preface by William Gerhardt

"It gives us for the first time a comprehensive, intimate and convincing picture of the collapse of Russia... An astonishing literary feat."—Evening Standard.

Blue Trousers

being Part IV of THE TALE OF GENJI

by LADY MURASAKI

Translated by Arthur Waley

10s. 6d.

This is the last volume of the Tale proper, and carries the story down to the death of Genji: it is as subtle and as lovely as any of the previous volumes.

GEO. ALLEN & UNWIN, Ltd., London, W.C. 1

men of few ideas but ready utterance. The stories are exceedingly readable; they seem to have submitted to the ministrations of a literary trainer, so lean are they. They owe their leanness, perhaps, to the author's use of the blue pencil, not to his instinct for selection. 'Men Without Women' shows considerable power of direct statement, but it is feverish, unsatisfying stuff.

'Gemel in London' is in effect a satire on musical and dramatic critics, and on literary life in London. Such love interest as it possesses is chiefly used to point a moral, which is: Steer clear of Bohemians. Much of the satire is excellent, the parodies being especially good; but there are times when Mr. Agate's exuberance overflows into facetiousness and when his impressive erudition clogs rather than adorns his pages.

SHORTER NOTICES

In Black and White. By Sydney Holland, Viscount Knutsford. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

WE welcome this new and cheaper edition of a delightful book of memories and stories. Lord Knutsford has long since earned for himself an honourable reputation as the most persistent beggar in Christendom. His work on behalf of the London Hospital is known to all. For many years it has absorbed the major part of his activities, and it is still the cause that lies nearest to his heart. One of the most interesting chapters in the present volume is devoted to the subject of begging, and Lord Knutsford's hints should prove of service to the novice. "Appeals," he writes, "must be simple, direct and earnest, and, if possible, a bit off the beaten track. The trouble with a begging letter is to get it read at all, and many efforts kill themselves at sight—in fact are born dead. . . . You can be too economical in dressing your appeal, and many appeals are damned by a halfpenny stamp. . . . Do not strain to be original. . . . Equally do not crib. That is feeble and stupid." The book abounds in good stories, and is the reflection of a singularly genial and warm-hearted personality. If Lord Knutsford is in search of an epitaph for himself, he might well adopt that of Abou ben Adhem, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach. Edited by Sir James Marchant. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

HAS the art of the sermon suffered a decline? There are many who maintain that, so far as preaching is concerned, the present age exhibits a marked inferiority to its immediate predecessors, and certainly we can boast of no Liddons, Spurgeons or Scott Hollands. The prevalent taste is for brevity, and brevity ill accords with great preaching. Yet, if there are no giants in the land to-day, there are certain men of quite reasonable dimensions, as Sir James Marchant has discovered. Each of the preachers represented in this volume was asked "to expound that aspect of the Word of the Lord which they would have chosen if they had only one sermon to preach." The selection, therefore, is of unusual interest as indicating what, in the view of many of our most distinguished pulpit orators, are the most vital and abiding elements in religion. Dr. George Morrison and Dr. Alfred Garvie both choose the Atonement as their theme, while the Bishop of Gloucester, in what is perhaps the ablest and most scholarly sermon in the volume, discourses on the Hope of Immortality. Many will derive comfort from Professor James Moffat's sermon on 'Sought and Seeking' and others inspiration and encouragement from the sturdy common-sense of Principal Jack's address, 'The Right to be Happy.' The editor has shown a commendable catholicity of selection. But was it necessary to exclude the Roman Catholic Church? A sermon by Father Woodlock or Father Ronald Knox would have made a comprehensive anthology more comprehensive still.

'The Stage' Year Book. 1928. Edited by Lionel Carson. The Stage Office. 5s.

AS usual, this record of the year's theatrical history at home and abroad is accompanied by general articles on dramatic topics written by specialists. Mr. W. J. Lawrence, for instance, writes on the evolution of the Proscenium Frame and Mr. A. C. Armstrong on the relations between the Throne and the Theatre. Of particular and practical value is a survey of the 'Little Theatre Movement,' by Mr. Alfred Wareing, who founded at Glasgow the first professional repertory theatre of our time and has since watched the progress of the art of the theatre from an important position in the industry of entertainment. His view is that the greater industry need not fear the newcomer; the rapid development of little theatres since the war and the great idealism that has gone to found and foster them must stimulate in the public a larger and more exacting theatrical taste. What the managers must do is not to sit

bewailing cruel competition but to meet it by providing worthier fare in their own houses. There is room for both types of house and both types of production; an extensive survey of what has been done by and for the Little Theatre Movement is the solid basis of Mr. Wareing's just conclusions.

Things Seen in the Dolomites. By L. M. Davidson. Seeley, Service. 3s. 6d.

FROM a welter of superlatives and exclamation marks there emerges a good deal of useful information for the tourist who intends to explore this precipitous district, though for a sympathetic study of the people the reader is recommended to go elsewhere. The author very kindly pats the northern Italian peasant on the head, and evidently fears to be adventurous in his choice of hotels. He dislikes garlic and warm weather, and will be disappointed now that a recent edict of *Il Duce* has disbanded the Boy Scouts he so much admired at Riva. "The first thing visitors to Cortina do," he tells us, "is to visit the interesting Industrial Exhibition." In matters of topographical fact, however, Mr. Davidson is a safe guide who is well-acquainted with all the places the author of an unusual guide-book would be expected to know, and whose somewhat trite enthusiasms have their excuse. The numerous illustrations from photographs are impressively excellent.

Youth. By Elizabeth Sloan Chesser. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

DR. SLOAN CHESSER would have done well to specify the age of youth for whom this little handbook of sound advice is intended. When is childhood left behind; when is middle age entered? As Dr. Chesser addresses women more particularly, we should like to know which she regards as elder—a mother of 21 or a spinster of 31. Whether the rising generation is any more rebellious to-day than it always has been we venture to doubt. But we consider it beyond dispute that children are brought up more sensibly. Being allowed in early years greater freedom of body and mind, they arrive at full age with a wider outlook. This little book testifies to this truth, for it is very outspoken—and rightly so—on the physiological aspects of human life.

Romances of History. By H. Greenhough Smith. Newnes. 2s.

THAT the world would be a drearier place for the virtuous were it not for the wicked is a truism that finds a new illustration in this volume. The book contains a brief collection of the doings of seekers after adventures, troubled neither with scruples nor with principles: among them are Casanova and William Lithgow, Vidocq and Madame Tallien. The last is the most interesting. The title of the book is misleading. There is little or no romance about these leather-bodied villains. It is, however, amusing to hear how such people manage to wriggle through life.

LITERARY NOTES

MESSRS. HEINEMANN regard *The Battle of the Horizons*, by Sylvia Thomson, as one of the most important of their immediately forthcoming books. The author is well known on account of her earlier novel, *Hounds of Spring*, which was very nearly a "best seller" two years ago, and was praised very highly by the critics. This book deals with that—since Henry James set the fashion—ever-fascinating subject of the effect of England upon a sensitive American. Miss Thomson's heroine, who comes from the United States, marries an Englishman and comes with him to his home in England. The book, which includes a "vivid account" of the General Strike, concerns itself mainly with the emotions and difficulties which the young woman feels upon contact with this—to her—so strange world.

Mr. Robert Byron, though but recently down from Oxford, writes neither verse nor autobiographical novels; and so far we had from him none of those tedious recollections of preparatory school days which so many of his contemporaries seem to enjoy writing. Instead he writes travel books about modern Europe, especially Greece, in which country, though he is no relation of the poet, his name makes him very popular. Indeed, his friends have often proposed to him a *coup d'état*. He is publishing in May *The Station*, a book about Mount Athos. Messrs. Duckworth are the publishers.

Messrs. Duckworth are also publishing a book which ought to have a fairly steady sale in these days when international economics has joined theology as a subject about which every man supposes himself to have a perfect right to dictate. The book is called *The Mythology of Reparations* and is by Mr. R. Crozier Long. Mr. Long has spent the last eight years in Germany, and here discusses its recovery and the question of the success of the Dawes plan.

Mr. Douglas Dewar's books are well known among those who are interested in Natural History and especially in birds. He is now about to publish with Messrs. Chapman and Hall *Game Birds*, which will deal with not only the English varieties but those throughout the world.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are also publishing an elaborately decorated and printed translation of Flaubert's *Salammbô* and Claude Dorat's *Never Again*.

Dr. Nansen, the explorer, has been studying for the League of Nations the Armenian problem and is now going to publish with Messrs. Allen and Unwin *Armenia and the Near East*. We are glad to see that the famous author of *Farthest North* has broken silence again.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe will publish with the same firm on May 1 *The British Liberal Party*.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

THE PARLEMENT OF PRATTLERS. By John Eliot. The Fanfrolico Press. Limited edition. 15s.

This series of Elizabethan dialogues and monologues illustrates the life of a gentleman of the period on the Grand Tour. The edition, which is well produced, is limited to 625 copies.

WORDS AND POETRY. By George H. W. Rylands. The Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d. (May 3.)

With an Introduction by Mr. Lytton Strachey, who describes Mr. Rylands's book as a commentary on Mallarmé's remark that "poetry is not written with ideas, it is written with words."

WORDSWORTH IN EARLY AMERICAN CRITICISM. By Annabel Newton. Chicago University Press and Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Paul Mueschke, Professor Solomon Gingerich and other authorities unfamiliar to us are responsible for this book, written apparently in the belief that what matters is not the excellence of the poet but the response to it of his audience.

THE MYSTERY OF THE KINGDOM AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Rev. Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

ALL ALONE. THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTË. By Romer Wilson. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

An elaborate study, by the distinguished novelist. It is claimed that it throws much new light on Emily: it appears to be somewhat hostile to Charlotte.

THE WAR GUILT. By H. W. Wilson. Sampson Low. 21s.

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY. By Arnold Whitridge. Constable. 10s. 6d. (May 3.)

THE WINDSOR BEAUTIES. By Lewis Melville. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE WOMEN LINCOLN LOVED. By William E. Barton. Melrose. 21s.

DIPLOMACY AND FOREIGN COURTS. By Meriel Buchanan. Hutchinson. 18s.

POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

PEACE IN OUR TIME. By the Right Honourable Sir Austen Chamberlain. Allan. 12s. 6d.

These speeches, to which is prefixed a modest avowal of fear that oratorical success may be no guarantee of literary success, deal mostly with British policy in regard to the League of Nations.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy and George Young. Hutchinson. 18s.

A topical book, on a very important subject, by two serious students who are "pacifists, but not more so than most of their countrymen."

THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND. Edited by J. Dover Wilson. Sidgwick and Jackson. 18s.

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TREVEY THE RIVER

By LESLIE REID. An idyllic West Country tale "changed by the alchemy of his imagination to elfin poetry."—THE OUTLOOK. 7s. 6d. net.

PAGANISM IN ROUMANIAN FOLK-LORE

By MARCU BEZA, Roumanian Lecturer at the University of London. With many illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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Not an account of individual great schools, but chapters, by many writers, on the different categories into which the schools of this country fall.
 CHINA. By Paul Monroe. Macmillan. 15s.
 THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC. By Sir Frank Fox. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.
 THE WORKS COUNCIL. By C. W. Guillebaud. Cambridge University Press. 16s.

VERSE AND DRAMA

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. Cambridge University Press. 6s.
 A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY. VERSE. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
 CONTEMPORARY BRITISH DRAMATISTS: MRS. FITZHERBERT. By Shane Leslie; THE TROUBLE FACTORY. By Eric Blom. Benn. Each 3s. 6d. and 5s. (May 4.)
 NEW POEMS. By W. J. Turner. Chatto and Windus. 5s.
 A MAN WITH RED HAIR. By Benn W. Levy. From the Novel by Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 POEMS. By S. de V. Julius. Longmans. 6s.
 STARS IN THE MIST. By D. M. Ross. Selwyn and Blount. 6s.
 MARPESSE. By Stephen Phillips; A BALLADE UPON A WEDDING AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir John Suckling. The Bodley Head (The Helicon Series). 2s. each.
 HOGARTH LIVING POETS. 1 to 3: DIFFERENT DAYS. By Frances Cornford; IT WAS NOT JONES. By R. Fitzurse; MATRIX. By Dorothy Wellesley. The Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d. each. (May 3.)
 THE ORMOND POETS. 7 to 12. Edited by G. D. H. and M. I. Cole; JOHN DONNE: SELECTED SHORTER POEMS; BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: LYRICS FROM THE PLAYS; THOMAS CAMPION: SELECTED POEMS; ROBERT BROWNING: SELECTED SHORTER POEMS; WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: A SELECTION OF SHORTER POEMS; THE OLD TESTAMENT: LYRICS FROM THE AUTHORISED VERSION. Douglas. Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s. each. (April 30.)
 SHY TRAFFICKERS. By J. L. Foxworthy. Edinburgh: the Porpoise Press. 1s. 6d.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

AFRICAN JUNGLE LIFE. By Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Macmillan. 15s.
 The author has attempted a series of animal biographies, choosing typical animal characters and jungle events.
 PERSIAN PICTURES. By Gertrude Bell. Benn. 10s. 6d. (May 4.)
 PICTORIAL GOLF. By H. B. Martin. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
 THE ART OF FLYING. By Captain Norman Macmillan. Duckworth. 5s.
 SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD. By Edgar I. Fripp. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.
 BUYING A CAR? By Leonard Henslowe. Hutchinson. 1s. 6d.

ART

CARICATURE. By C. R. Ashbee. Chapman and Hall. 21s.
 NEGRO DRAWINGS. By Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf.

TRANSLATIONS

POEMS FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ. Translated by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Heinemann. 5s.
 A reissue, with an appreciation by Sir E. Denison Ross.
 CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. By Francois Porché. Translated by John Mavin. Wishart. 10s. 6d.
 THE WORKS OF HSUNTZE. Translated by Homer H. Dubs. Probsthain. 24s.
 THE ENTENTE UPON THE SEAS. By Paul Chack. Translated by Commander L. B. Denman. Liège: Vaillant-Carmanne; London: Simpkin Marshall. 5s.

FICTION

OCTAVIA. By Margot Oxford. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
 MY MORTAL ENEMY. By Willa Cather. Heinemann. 5s.
 LIVING MIRRORS. By Helen Granville-Barker. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.
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 PHOINIX. By Alan Sims. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
 THE PEACEMAKERS. By Alice Ritchie. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. (May 3.)
 THE TURN OF THE WHEEL. By June March. The Richards Press. 7s. 6d.
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 RED ENDING. By Adam Sadler. Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE WHITE WALLET. By Pamela Grey. Dent. 5s.
 Viscountess Grey of Fallodon has produced a book in which excerpts have more sequence than is usual.
 WHEN THE COOK IS AWAY. By Catherine Ives. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. (May 1.)
 INDEX PSYCHOANALYTICUS 1893-1926. Compiled by John Rickman. The Hogarth Press. 18s. (May 3.)
 THIS SMOKING WORLD. By A. E. Hamilton. Methuen. 6s.
 AUNT CLIVE'S EXCURSIONS. By Gertrude Hollis. Allan. 5s.
 BENN'S SIXPENNY LIBRARY: EASTERN ART AND LITERATURE. By Sir E. Denison Ross; NUTRITION AND DIETETICS. By E. P. Cathcart; THE ORIGINS OF AGRICULTURE. By Harold Peake; PLATO AND ARISTOTLE. By J. A. K. Thomson; THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE. By E. F. Jacob; A HISTORY OF GERMANY. By W. H. Dawson. (May 4.)
 THE "A.B.C." LIMERICK BOOK. By Basil Trevor. Lutterworth's. 1s. 6d.
 LETTERS TO HILARY. By Stephen King-Hall. Benn. 8s. 6d.

REPRINTS

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 ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES. By Horace Field and Michael Bunney. Bell. 18s.
 ON THE EVE. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett; THE MOON AND SIXPENCE. By W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann (The Travellers' Library). 3s. 6d. each.
 GLASTONBURY, "THE MOTHER OF SAINTS"—HER SAINTS. A.D. 37-1539. By the Rev. Lionel Smithett Lewis. Mowbray. 3s. 6d.



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SWEDEN

ART UNION ANNUAL DRAW

The Annual Draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours takes place in the Galleries of the Institute on Tuesday, May 8th. The tickets for the draw are one shilling each. The first prize is of the value of one hundred and fifty pounds. There are numerous other prizes.

All these prizes must be chosen by the winners from the pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute. Every subscriber, however, who takes a book of 20 tickets will be entitled to a reproduction in colour of a picture, "The Enchanted Isle," by James Clark, R.I., signed by the artist.

There are also fifty extra prizes consisting of Photo-gravures on paper of "Strolling Players" by G. Sheridan Knowles, R.I., R.O.I., signed by the artist. The last day for tickets is Saturday, May 5th. These may be obtained from Reginald Blackmore, Art Union Secretary, 195 Piccadilly, W.

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THE QUARTERLIES

Antiquity has two papers on the wonderful discoveries at Ur, one by Mr. Woolley who made them, and who gives us plans to illustrate the disposal of the attendants' bodies in the tomb; a second by Mr. H. R. Hall, who preceded him, on their relation to Egyptian work in point of time and to the history of civilization generally. S. Zammit seems to have solved the mystery of the deep cart-ruts found all over Malta, connecting them with its pre-historic terrace cultivation. A study of the pre-Roman inhabitants of Italy, a paper by Prof. Childe on 'The Lausitz Culture,' and one by Dr. F. Wagner on 'Pre-historic Fortifications in Bavaria' are interesting and valuable; the number ends with an account of the Roman fortress at Malton, Yorks. The 'Notes and News' includes an account of a ship-burial in the Isle of Man. This number is the first of the second year of this invaluable quarterly.

The *Print Collector's Quarterly* opens with a paper on 'Love Gardens' by Mr. D. P. Bliss. They were a late development from the Romance of the Rose, and the illustrations are drawn from early German woodcuts and engravings. M. Roger Marx describes the engraved work of the painter Jongkind, who died in 1891, and Mr. R. A. Walker the engravings of Mr. Eric Gill. Prof. Hind has a note on the printing of early woodcuts, and Mr. Campbell Dodgson describes some mezzotints and etchings recently acquired by the British Museum.

Science Progress, in addition to 'Recent Advances in Science,' has articles on 'Muscular Activity in Man from the Engineering Aspect,' by Prof. Hill; 'The Plough,' treated historically by Dr. B. A. Keen; 'Snails and Slugs,' by Mr. E. Step; 'Sunlight in Industry,' by Mr. L. V. Dodds. Essay-Reviews on Evolution, a History of Meteorology, and Criticism, Leading and Misleading (apropos of Colonel Lynch), make good reading. The journal is indispensable to those who wish to keep in touch with scientific thought and affairs.

The *Hibbert Journal* opens with reminiscences of Thomas Hardy by Sir G. Douglas; Prof. Dodds gives us a study of Augustine's Confessions as a case of 'Spiritual Maladjustment'; Miss Kemp writes on 'Mystic Utterance in certain English Poets'; Prof. E. Pickering is pathetically amusing in 'How the Young Japanese Dream of Oxford'; Adm. Beadnell writes on 'The New Eye-Ear,' mainly devoting himself to the uses of the middle-ear; and Mr. E. J. Fripp studies 'The Religion of Shakespeare's Father,' a Puritan recusant.

The *Quarterly* for April has as literary articles a short encomium on the Oxford Dictionary by Prof. Weekley, and a paper on Menander by Prof. Post. We should have liked to see some reference to the part played by Henry Bradley in stiffening up the authorities at one fateful moment when their courage failed them. Prof. Post leaves us to rely on faith for the genius of Menander. Three fragmentary plays do not give sufficient ground for independent judgment. Descriptive articles include an amusing description of 'The White House and its Occupants' by Mr. Phayre, an account of the beginnings of Television by Mr. W. J. Brittain, the story of the 'Revolt of the Camisards' in 1702-1704 well told by Sir R. Blomfield, a study of 'Patronage and the Young Artist' by Mr. R. Swann, who points to the various channels of success now open. Mr. Moorhouse shows how the Totalisator works, and what might be done with the profits. Other articles deal with International Sea Law, by Sir G. Aston, Disestablishment, by Mr. Walkerdine, Turkey, by Mr. H. C. Woods, China and Coal.

The *Edinburgh* has as literary subjects an account by Mr. Collison-Morley of 'The Novels of Grazia Deledda,' the Sardinian novelist. Descriptive papers include one on 'Crime and Superstition in India' by Mr. R. T. F. Kirk; Mr. H. M. Vaughan on 'The Welsh Language in Life and Education,' protesting against compulsory Welsh in purely English-speaking districts; Mr. R. N. C. Hunt in 'Some Communist Experiments of the Sixteenth Century,' tells the story of the siege of Munster; Sir Arthur Evans describes how he was taken in for a while by 'A Forged Treasure in Serbia'; there are curious silver coins struck from copies of old dies now scattered about in Albania. Mr. Disher describes the Decline and Fall of Horsemanship; ask any horseman what an amble is, and how he would get his mount to do it. Mr. Faber describes 'Primary Schools in Rural Denmark,' the source of Denmark's prosperity; and Mr. Graves has a paper on 'Schubert's Debt to Amateurs,' i.e., to Sir G. Grove. Other articles are on the American Naval Programme, Peace in the Pacific, The Economic Impact of America, British Influence in S. America.

The *Church Quarterly*, among other papers, has one by Prof. Claude Jenkins on John Wyclif's early career; an attack by Dr. Peile on 'Spheterodoxy'; a description of 'Jewish Marriage in Ancient and Modern Times' by Dr. Oosterley; Durham University by Mr. H. F. Wilson; and a note on 'The Protection of Ancient Buildings. Its Reviews and Notices of Periodicals are invaluable to those who would keep in touch with religious literature.

Company Meeting

BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS (PROPRIETORS) LTD.

EXCELLENT RESULTS AND PROMISING FUTURE

THE FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British Instructional Films (Proprietors) Ltd., was held yesterday at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Alfred E. Bundy in the chair.

The chairman asked that, for the purpose of his remarks, British Instructional Films Ltd. should be regarded as identical with British Instructional Films (Proprietor) Ltd., and in referring to the balance-sheet already published, he said that not only had the trading results anticipated in the prospectus of the company been fully realized, but the growth of the business had been most satisfactory. During the past year the principal productions completed and trade-shown were "The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands," and "Shooting Stars," both of which had become almost household words. Production was now in full swing with other important subjects, and the company was continuing to make its famous "Secrets of Nature" series, which were returning excellent revenue through Pro Patria Films Ltd. The company's activities had also rapidly developed in the field of commercial cinematography and a considerable number of valuable contracts had been secured. Arrangements had been completed for the making of a series of pictures for one of the largest and most important film organizations in the world on terms advantageous to the company. A remarkable super film had just been completed by the company in India, and attractive offers for the distribution rights had been received by Pro Patria Films Ltd. (the company's selling organization). A draft contract had been agreed with the well-known and substantial Swedish Biograph Company for the making of pictures on excellent reciprocal terms which would, it was believed, have the effect of facilitating release through Pro Patria Films Ltd. of the Company's product in certain important countries on the Continent of Europe.

An important British newspaper with national circulation had commissioned the company to make a film to a winning story in a competition which had already proved remarkably popular.

The company, with Pro Patria Films Ltd., were parties to an agreement concluded with an organization formed under important auspices for the more satisfactory distribution of films in Australasia, where the company's pictures would now be shown on terms that, inter alia, provided for a substantial cash advance.

In pursuance of the directors' original policy the company had embarked on no really speculative enterprise, nor was there any intention at present of risking capital on problematical adventures. The speculative policy which was so strong in the cinematograph world was not considered by the directors to be the proper way to put film production on a sound and profitable basis, and the activities of the company would continue to be characterized by the strictest adherence to the rules of commerce, which applied as much to the film industry as to any other productive industry.

When the company was floated last year the directors had followed a "safety first" policy and had only asked for a sum which could be profitably employed. Since then, however, the Films Act had become law and the future of the producing industry in this country generally appeared to have become more assured. The directors had, therefore, decided that it would be safe and expedient to take full advantage of the many opportunities that were presenting themselves for the more rapid development of the company's business. They had accordingly placed a contract for the building of the company's own adequate studios and for equipment on the most modern lines at a total inclusive cost of approximately £60,000. To meet this expenditure, pay off the bank loan and temporarily finance additional film production, it had been decided that the company's capital should be increased to £200,000, of which £100,000 should be issued. There were excellent openings for future developments along lines that did not involve the company in speculative risks.

Mr. Bundy, after paying warm tribute to the able work of Mr. H. Bruce Woolfe, the managing director of the company, and to the excellent support he had obtained from the executives and staff, then moved that the accounts and report be adopted.

Mr. H. Bruce Woolfe seconded the motion and it was carried, and the increase of capital was approved.



YOU have to shoot your bird before you can capture it; contrariwise, you must capture your bright idea before you can "shoot" it. Ideas are most easily inveigled in a snare of tobacco smoke woven from a pipeful of Three Nuns. Knowing this, men who work with their imagination willingly pay the penny or so more that Three Nuns costs, for in its ripe perfection, its unruffled blandness, its endearing fragrance they have discovered a source of inspiration that no ordinary tobacco can give them.



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MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

ALTHOUGH a tax on petrol was expected, the imposition of fourpence a gallon has surprised and shocked motorists. Already not only are we, as a nation, the most heavily taxed in the world, but we pay more than do motorists in any other country. In America the average horse-power tax is £2 13s. 8d. per car. In this country it is £14 7s. 6d. for private cars, £46 19s. for passenger-carrying vehicles and £28 11s. 6d. for commercial vehicles. On top of this now comes the 4d. on petrol.

Let us take the owner of the small car, the man of moderate means. Now a small car will do one hundred miles for three gallons, so the owner of this type of vehicle pays 1s. more for every one hundred miles he goes. He probably is only a week-end user and with a yearly mileage of, say, 10,000, his extra expense will be no more than a five-pound note. A car using 4 gallons per hundred miles would cost 1s. 5d. more for petrol for that distance, and a larger car which only does twenty miles per gallon would cost another 1s. 6d. per hundred miles for fuel. High-powered and heavy cars would have an addition to their petrol bill of from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per one hundred miles. But the man who can afford an expensive and high-powered car can afford this additional expense, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer knows it. The probable result of this tax will be to spur manufacturers on to reduce still further the weight of their vehicles, and, by using lighter and better steels, to cut out as much dead weight as possible, and by still further improving their engines as to get more out of a gallon of petrol.

Turning to commercial vehicles we find the incidence of the tax more onerous. Mr. Frank Pick (general manager of the L.G.O.C.) says that 4d. a gallon will mean an enormous increase in expenditure, and estimates the total petrol consumption of all the concerns controlled by the London General Omnibus Company at from 18 to 20 millions of gallons of petrol a year. The extra cost for petrol will amount to £300,000 to £350,000 a year. Mr. E. Shrapnell-Smith, President of the Commercial Motor Users' Association, characterizes 4d. a gallon on petrol and other light oils as stupendous, and much above anything that was expected. On even a four-ton lorry the new tax means about £33 a year increase and on every omnibus an increase varying from £80 to £100.

Mr. Stenson-Cooke, of the Automobile Association, thinks there is no justification for any increase in motor taxation, while Mr. F. G. Bristow, Secretary of the Commercial Motor Users' Association, says the tax is simply staggering. Only fifteen months ago, he says, the horse-power tax on heavier vehicles was increased from £70 to £108. I can see a smile on the faces of the heads of the railway companies. The average goods vehicle will have to pay another £40 to £50 a year, which will certainly be passed on to the public. Commander Armstrong, of the R.A.C., describes the tax as most unfortunate and the R.A.C. will oppose the tax tooth and nail. The chorus is swelled from another section of petrol users, the taxi people. Mr. Herbert Bundy (secretary of the owner drivers' branch of the Motor Cab trade) says, if the new proposal is passed, they will have to press for a return of the 1s. fare per mile.

Finally, there are the municipalities, who are now large users of petrol. Discussing the matter with the Borough Engineer and Surveyor of one of the largest London Boroughs, he told me his people used 50,000 gallons of petrol a year. Whether any rebate will be made to municipalities it is too early to say; they will undoubtedly press for it, for a rebate is already enjoyed by them in respect of certain vehicles for public use.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 319

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1. Covers, I think, the bottom of yon lake.
2. Strapping she may be—off her head we'll take.
3. Useful recess which sometimes holds a bed.
4. When caught, he's frequently to prison led.
5. Half of the scaly brood will serve us here.
6. A songster twice curtail whose carols cheer.
7. Hid in this height a little bird you'll spy.
8. Record of those who're born, and wed, and die.
9. Too well, alas! its bad results we know.
10. Fatty, my friend—that attitude must go.
11. Lives at the Cape, this badger fond of honey.
12. Strongly inclined to get and stick to money.

Solution of Acrostic No. 317

R	a	Jah	1	Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly
MO		Ab		hate,
A		Cheron ¹		Sad Acheron of sorrow black and
S	il	K		deep. <i>Paradise Lost</i> , ii.
T	ha	R ²	2	<i>Capricornis bubalina</i> , a species of
I	gn	Ominy		antelope found in Nepal.
N	o	Body	3	Half a gill, which is one-fourth of a
G		Ill ³		pint.
J	actitatio	N ⁴	4	Jactitation of marriage, in the
A	bstemiousnes	S		canon law is "a boasting or giving
C	ent	O		out by a party that ne or she is
K	e	N ⁵	5	married to another."
				Bishop Thomas Ken (1637-1711), one
				of the most eminent of the non-
				juring divines, and author of the
				well-known Morning and Evening
				Hymns.

ACROSTIC No. 317.—The winner is Colonel T. Lyon, 67 Oxford Terrace, W.2, who has selected as his prize 'The Age of the Gods,' by Christopher Dawson, published by Murray and reviewed in our columns on April 14 under the title 'Fact, Fiction and Futility.' Four other competitors named this book, 26 chose 'James the Second,' 16 'Ashenden,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Carlton, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Cyril E. Ford, John Lennie, Lillian, Met, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Billy, Bolo, Mrs. J. Butler, W. H. Carter, Ceyx, Challey, Clam, Coque, J. R. Cripps, D. L., Gay, Hanworth, Iago, J. B., Jop, Kirkton, Margaret, Martha, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Quis, Sisyphus, Stucco, Twyford, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. Robt. Brown, Crayke, Doric, Estela, Farsdon, Jeff, Miss Kelly, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, Miss Moore, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Miss Daphne Touche, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 316.—CORRECT: Margaret.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Churchill's Budget has met with the approval of the City. It clearly showed that the Chancellor had not merely appreciated the problems that industry has still to face, but had provided remedies which at all events at first sight appear sound and likely to lead to success. Mr. Churchill's comprehensive scheme of rating reform may well be the turning-point in our basic industries: the relief to be received should add materially to their competitive power. His Sinking Fund proposals, together with his recognition that adequate annual allowances must be made for the redemption of National Savings Certificates, should please not merely the financial purist but also the humble student of these matters, while the amalgamation of the Note issues is no less welcome for having been expected. But there is something more in this Budget that pleases the City—the indication that we have passed out of the financial haze, and that the road ahead is now clear. This factor, rather than defined material benefits, led to all-round improvement in the Stock Markets last Wednesday.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES

It seems probable, now that we definitely know the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not propose to impose a tax on gramophone records, that the rise in Columbia Graphophone shares will be continued. News reaches me of the amazing prosperity of this concern, which is growing remarkably in popularity in Wall Street. Despite the rise, American buying may, and probably will, cause Columbia Graphophone shares to rise several pounds further.

WALL STREET

It is like a reversion to old times for students of conditions on the London Stock Exchange to find it necessary to watch the position in Wall Street. Never in the history of the London Stock Exchange has this been more necessary than to-day. The exact total of American moneys that has been invested in English stocks and shares is unknown, but its volume must be considerable. Many of the sensational rises that we have seen in the industrial market during recent months are attributable to these purchases, and it is a matter for serious conjecture what will happen if the present wave of optimism in America starts receding, and investors and speculators on the other side of the Atlantic endeavour to sell back to London a portion of the shares they have purchased. Attention is drawn to this new factor because it is important that speculative investors this side should appreciate the possibilities of the position. It is interesting to note that American European purchases have not been limited to shares dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, but have also spread to the Continental Bourses.

NEW ISSUES

Those responsible for new issues must be working overtime; investors are daily being given a varied choice of new ventures in which to invest. The greatest caution should be exercised in selecting such new offers as suitable mediums for permanent investment. We are seeing far too many pros-

pectuses dealing with businesses where past figures are either not available or are not published. Naturally it is not always possible to give this information, but where it is omitted it is advisable for investors to satisfy themselves that the prospects of the concern are as sound as prospectus estimates make them out to be. While on the subject of new issues, I would draw attention to the fact that in the near future a very promising film issue is to be made. The Company to which I refer is Gainsborough Pictures (1928) Limited. Investors will find it profitable to invest in really good film Companies, and I allude to this Gainsborough Company because I think it comes in this category. Its directorate will, I understand, include two directors of the Gaumont Company, while its managing director will be a gentleman who has already gained for himself a first-class reputation in the film world. The date when this issue will be made is at present uncertain, but it is suggested that it will, and deservedly, prove an instantaneous success.

RUSSO-ASIATIC

In pre-war days Russo-Asiatic shares were a favourite mining speculation and rose to a high price. The value that the directors set on their Russian interests can be gauged by the fact that their claim against the Soviet amounts to £56,000,000. For the last seven years the Company, in view of conditions in Russia, have had to turn their attention in other directions. It seems from the speech of the Chairman, Mr. Leslie Urquhart, at the meeting held last week, that the Company has been successful in acquiring an interest in an exceptionally promising proposition, the Mount Isa Mines. Naturally there is an element of speculation in all mining propositions, and the problem of mining the vast ore bodies of Mount Isa will necessarily present many difficulties. At the same time Mr. Urquhart and his technical advisers are confident that they can all be overcome. The future of the Mount Isa Mines appears promising and it should eventually provide solid consolation to Russo-Asiatic shareholders for losses they have incurred through the Russian upheaval.

ASSOCIATED ANGLO-ATLANTIC

Attention was drawn in these notes to the Carmelite Trust on the day dealings started, and it was suggested they were an attractive purchase. Since then they have had a substantial rise, but holders will be ill-advised to sell, as a further appreciation can be anticipated. In view of this rise in Carmelite Trust shares and the fact that Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation have the call of a large number of shares at a small premium, the possibilities of Associated Anglo-Atlantic shares should not be overlooked. At the present level they appear decidedly undervalued.

A VALUABLE REFERENCE BOOK

For the second year in succession the Stock Exchange 'Official Intelligence' has gone out of print. The 1928 issue is, however, being reprinted and copies will be obtainable (at £3 per copy) on and after May 14. Orders may be placed with the publishers (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., Ltd., 1 New Street Square, E.C.4), or with the usual booksellers. The 'Official Intelligence' is the only work of its kind that is published with the sanction of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and to those who make a study of the stock markets it will be valuable.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

CORPORATION AND GENERAL SECURITIES, LTD.

The FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Corporation and General Securities Corporation, Ltd., was held on Thursday, April 26, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., the Marquis of Winchester (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Although the accounts before you cover a period of approximately 14 months, the company did not begin to operate until February, 1927, and has only had the full benefit of its issued capital for about 11 months, the final call on the ordinary shares not having been payable until April 8, 1927.

You will notice with satisfaction that our net profit is £89,000, subject only to income tax. This is at the rate of about 12½ per cent. on the paid-up capital, and I trust you will approve the appropriation which we suggest, namely: (1) writing off the whole of the preliminary expenses, £20,954; (2) writing off £6,000 from the goodwill account; (3) setting aside for income tax reserve £8,500; and (4) payment of a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the due dates of instalments on the ordinary shares, which will absorb £36,135, and consequently the payment of £4,015 as dividend on the management shares. This will leave a balance of £14,246, which it is proposed to carry forward.

As regards the balance sheet, you will notice the strong cash position amounting to £242,214, while the short period loans to county boroughs at £91,121, representing financial operations which are an integral part of our business, are almost equivalent to cash. The investments, at £411,918, had at the date of the balance sheet a cash value in excess of this figure. Practically all are immediately realizable.

I have no doubt you will consider this a thoroughly satisfactory position to lay before you at the end of our first year as a public company.

I would here mention that the success which normally attends the loans for which this company is responsible is not a matter of accident; it is the result of our work during a period now of some two or three years, during which we have created a following of investors who want the loans of British Corporations as investments. We may say, in fact, that before we make an issue we are tolerably certain of placing a large amount of stock in firm investment hands, leaving ourselves, to a far greater extent than many suppose, independent of the more or less uncertain demand arising at the moment of the issue.

Some eighteen months ago we were faced with the fact that, while no one doubted the merits of Corporation Stocks, yet for so many years it has been the policy to meet the demand for Trustee Securities with Colonial Trustee Stocks, that we had ourselves to create a wide popular demand for Corporation Stocks. We found that the regular channels were unable to absorb them quickly and certainly enough if any part of an issue were left with the Underwriters, to say nothing of absorbing the promiscuous selling which is always bound to occur after an issue.

We set about altering this lack of interest in a manner, the originality and success of which has been applauded by all parties concerned.

Corporation Stocks had formerly been largely a medium of investment chosen by professional investors, Insurance Companies, Banks, Corporations acting as Trustees, etc., but they had never become a habit with the small investor.

We decided that the most effective way of selling the Corporation Stocks—which is after all what our business amounts to—was to appeal by newspaper advertising direct to the smaller investor all over the country—who is the ultimate consumer—in exactly the same manner as is done with nationally advertised articles.

I think our friends on the Stock Exchange will agree that Corporation Stocks, as a result of our enterprise, are nowadays a freer and easier market than they were before our arrival on the scene. The result of this is beneficial to everyone—to the Corporation whom we serve, to the Stock Exchange, to the investor, and to the company. This service alone of popularizing Corporation Stocks rendered in our first year as a public company seems to me fully to justify our existence.

As to what our future will be in the coming year, we have a number of Corporation loans pending, in addition to which we feel there is a big field awaiting us in the handling of other classes of stock of the same high calibre. By now we have a real goodwill, not only with every Corporation for whom we have acted, but with others. After practically every loan we have received the most gratifying letter of appreciation from the borrowers, coupled in most cases with the assurance that, other things being equal, we could confidently look forward to acting again on their behalf.

In conclusion, the Chairman stated that the directors had decided to subdivide the £10 ordinary shares into shares of £1 each.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors terminated the proceedings.

THE NATIONAL MINING CORPORATION, LTD.

The EIGHTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of The National Mining Corporation, Ltd. (of 428 Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.2), was held on April 26 at River Plate House, E.C.

Mr. Herbert Guedalla (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said: During the year under review on account of profits, underwriting, dividends, net interest and realization of investments, we obtained £145,514 as compared with £100,995 in the previous year, or an increase of about £44,500. The net result is that there is a profit brought down of £124,009, to which must be added the balance to the credit of profit and loss on December 31, 1926, viz., £48,318, making a total of £172,327. After careful consideration your directors decided that we should write off this year £106,962 from our investments, with the result that the credit balance on profit and loss carried to the balance sheet amounts to £65,365, which the directors recommend should be carried forward to the accounts for the current year. I am happy to tell you that at the present time there is an actual appreciation in our marketable investments of over £40,000 as compared with the book cost. In addition, certain investments have been realized, showing a substantial profit, so that our revenue account to-day bears a very different aspect.

Our largest investment consists of our interest in the Roumanian Oil Co. entitled the Societate "Sospiro." During the year under review the exploration of these oil-lands has been continued, and an extensive drilling programme has been carried on at several separate areas in the territory held by the Societate "Sospiro." Oil-bearing structures have been shown by geological surveys to exist on each of these portions of the property, and the drilling operations are for the purpose of testing and developing these. We are pleased with the progress which is being made at what may prove to be the most important fields, i.e., Moreni and Cervenica, and are looking forward with great interest to the results which we trust will be obtained at an early date in these two areas.

With regard to the Amalgamated Oil Lands of Roumania, Ltd., the drilling operations of this company have been concentrated on properties in Runcu, where the company owns a considerable number of leases in the proved areas. We consider that a great part of our expenditure on this investment is not represented by value, and therefore we have deemed it necessary to make provision out of the profits for the year for this probable loss, which comes to a large amount.

We have a very large holding in the Chemical and Metallurgical Corporation, Ltd., and we are more than ever confident in the great future which lies before this undertaking. Starting as it did with a process for the treatment of base metal ores, which is absolutely a revolution in that particular field, the management has evolved an economical series of manufactures which must add greatly to the profits of the business.

With regard to Lake George, development was continued during the past year with such satisfactory results that the option was exercised. The work done to date has proved this to be an important body of ore, and the prospects of further development are equally good.

We have a large holding in Camp Bird, Ltd., and the position of this company and its associated companies, the Santa Gertrudis Co. and the Mexican Corporation, has greatly improved during the past year. Camp Bird, Ltd., has a large interest in the Lake George proposition, which has turned out so well. It has also important holdings in the Chemical and Metallurgical Corporation and in the Creole Syndicate, both of which show considerable appreciation.

This Corporation, with associates, has secured an option on Wheal Buller near Redruth. This property, which was a famous producer of copper, was abandoned in 1880 on reaching the tin zone which underlies the copper.

During the year we have increased our holding in Moler Products, Ltd. The new plant at Colchester is now in operation, and within the next few months it is anticipated that its capacity will be increased to 15,000,000 standard bricks per annum.

The development of the Lagares property in Portugal continues to give good results and the mining and milling plant have been ordered and should be in operation before the end of the year. The ore is easy to treat, but, whilst some of the assays give very rich results, the management consider that the fairest test will be the milling test, which we hope will give a general average of between 1 and 2 per cent. of tin per ton. With cheap and efficient labour, this should prove highly profitable.

Taken as a whole, the position in regard to our interests is more healthy than it was at this time last year, and, as I have told you, by reason of certain profitable realizations since the date of the balance sheet, the position of our revenue account has greatly improved. In the light of this recent improvement your directors have again carefully considered the position of the company, and I am authorized to inform you at this meeting that they have decided to pay an interim dividend for the current year of 6d. per share, less tax, such dividend to be paid to the shareholders on the register on May 31 next.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meetings**THE LONDON ASSURANCE****REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S BUSINESS****LIFE FUND OVER £5,000,000**

The ANNUAL GENERAL COURT of the London Assurance was held on April 25 at 1 King William Street, London, E.C.

The Governor (Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell), dealing first with the life account, said that it referred to the second year of the present quinquennium, and the progress made had been quite satisfactory, though the premium income was rather less than in 1926. More policies were issued than in the previous year, the reduction in income being due to their having taken less of the single premium business. The life fund had increased by £352,000, and now stood for the first time at over five millions sterling. The rate of interest earned on the fund was £5 3s. 3d. per cent. The investments continued to be of the same high class as in the past, and the result of a valuation taken at December 31 last showed a substantial surplus over the prices at which they stood in the books of the Corporation. The mortality experience was again favourable, for although not quite as good as in 1926, the claims amounted to only 73 per cent. of those expected.

FIRE BUSINESS

The fire account was a good one. The fund had been increased by £50,000, and now stood at £1,650,000, including an additional reserve of £936,000, and they had transferred £160,472 to the credit of profit and loss account. The premium income was slightly lower, to the extent of £54,000, due to their policy of contraction in the United States of America. The figures of their subsidiary company in America, the Manhattan Fire and Marine Insurance Co., were incorporated with their own, as were those of the British Law Insurance Co., which had a very satisfactory year. The combined result of the Fire Account showed a loss ratio of 44.8 per cent., with an expense ratio of 47.7 per cent.

MARINE ACCOUNT

Turning to the marine account, he was sorry to say that he had an unfavourable report to give. They had transferred £250,000 from profit and loss account to maintain the marine fund at one million sterling, the figure at which it had stood for several years. He would ask the members of the Corporation, however, not to take too pessimistic a view of the position because of this transfer, as in the three preceding years no less than £200,000 was passed from the marine account to the credit of profit and loss, and for many years the account had consistently shown a profit, in some years a very large one. Their underwriter told him that, in consequence of the continuation of the joint hull agreement between Lloyds and the companies, hull business was being gradually brought to a healthier condition, and that some improvement was also apparent in cargo business. Among the companies a considerable measure of agreement had been secured, from which there was every reason to anticipate a better state of affairs, but it was essential that the rates for cargo business should be materially increased if prosperity was to return to marine insurance.

EXPANSION OF ACCIDENT ACCOUNT

The accident department continued to show expansion. In the general accident account—the main account of the department—the premium income continued to increase, the gain this year being £32,000. The fund had increased by £40,000 and the additional reserve by £10,000. Burglary claims had been heavy and the recoveries of stolen goods very meagre. The insurance of motor-cars remained troublesome, and rates were being revised continually. The foreign business of the Corporation continued to develop.

The profit and loss account showed that the dividends on Preference and Ordinary shares absorbed £238,161, and the amount carried forward to 1928 was £256,911.

The various funds of the Corporation continued to be invested on the same lines as in past years. As a general rule he preferred to rely for profit on successful underwriting, and, in the main, to restrict their investments to Government securities and to prior charges.

Looking round on the general financial and commercial position of the country there were grounds for taking a more hopeful view than was possible a year ago, and this was really of the first importance to the corporation. When times were bad the volume of trade to be insured decreased, and with it their premiums, whereas when trade prospects were brightening they benefited accordingly. Our distinguished bankers were unanimous this year in thinking that a gradual improvement in trade was to be looked for, and the recent Board of Trade returns lent colour to this view.

The report was unanimously adopted, and a dividend of 11s. 3d. per share, less income-tax, was declared, payable as follows:—5s. 6d. on May 1 and 5s. 10d. on November 1, 1928.

ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., was held on April 25 at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

The Right Hon. Lord Ebury, D.S.O., M.C., who presided, said that the impression left on his mind from a superficial examination of the reports of the speeches made by chairmen of the other companies was that, whilst none of them referred to the past year as having been "easy," there had been a disinclination frankly to admit that the recovery towards the more favourable and hopeful conditions of 1925 had been markedly slow and even disappointing, but taking everything into consideration, he felt confident that the shareholders would regard the results disclosed of the past year's trading as distinctly and undoubtedly successful.

The Society's revenue showed an increase of £11,955, notwithstanding a decrease of £5,123 in interest on investments, consequent on realization to meet capital expenditure. Working expenses showed an increase of £9,362 and other charges an increase of £1,134, leaving an increase in the net profit for the year of £1,458, the total net profit being £241,671. The balance dividend proposed made, with the interim dividend, 25 per cent., and the balance forward was £115,615, an increase of £21,542 upon the amount brought forward from 1927. One of the factors contributing to render the period through which they were passing particularly difficult was the reconstruction of their premises. Such work could only be carried out in stages, and the period must necessarily be very protracted, the disturbance and discomfort occasioned could not fail to have some effect upon their business, while up to date they had secured practically no additional selling space.

The extension of the main premises in Victoria Street—taking in Army and Navy Mansions—was practically finished, contracts for the necessary fittings were well in hand, and the occupation of the various floors would be progressively arranged. Headway was being made with the new battery of four lifts, and as soon as those were installed, the main staircase hall would be remodelled to provide for much improved access between the various departments. The board were hoping to finish all that by October next, leaving only the question of refronting the old building to complete the main building in Victoria Street. Shareholders would realize that such expenditure as had been already made had not yet had time to bring in the full return it was hoped to secure, and he ventured to think that they might congratulate themselves that during the period through which they had passed—culminating in the disastrous general strike of 1926—it had been possible to sustain the heavy expenditure incurred, and not only maintain the dividend, but materially to increase the reserve fund and carry forward.

The report was adopted.

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Edited by L. J. MAXSE.

April, 1928.

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CARLTON STREET,
LOWER REGENT STREET
LONDON, S.W.1

Enquiries invited